THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

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This Number is embellished with the following Copper-plates.

1. THE FALSE ACCUSER DETECTED,
2. LONDON Fashionable DRESSES.
3. A New and elegant PATTERN for the CROWN of a CAP, &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, *No.* 25, *Paternoster-Row;*

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE first part of the Tale intitled *Virtuous Love Rewarded.* By Miss *W. F. James*, in our next.

The Fragment, intitled *Montague*, has either not been received, or has been mislaid.

R. T's. favors were received too late for the present month; we will endeavour to give a place to some of them in our next.

Eugenio's Essay requires considerable revision.

C. T's Enigma is intended for insertion.

In our next will be begun a Novel, intitled *Benedict.* By *Mrs. Pilkington.*

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE.

FOR OCTOBER, 1809.

THE FALSE ACCUSER DETECTED.

A TALE.

(With an elegant Engraving.)

IT is not always that innocence or guilt can be discovered from any external signs apparent in the countenance of the accused; though sometimes symptoms of the truth which may not be in the least apparent to the superficial observer, may induce persons of greater penetration and attention to make such an examination as may lead to the detection of the most artful hypocrisy and a satisfactory developement of the real state of facts.

Leonard Campbell was a servant in the family of Sir William Dormer, who having long known the character of his parents, poor, but honest and industrious natives of North-Britain, had taken their son to provide for in his service at a very early age. Leonard, in the opinion of Sir William, had proved himself worthy of every encouragement by the propriety and fidelity of his behaviour, and this encouragement he liberally gave him; in fact he made him his most favorite and confidential servant. He even intrusted him with the management of many of his pecuniary affairs, relying so entirely on his integrity and discretion, that of several of them he scarcely took any check or account whatever; nor did he for several years conceive that he had any reason to distrust either the capacity or the honesty of the domestic of whom he had conceived so favorable an opinion.

Sir William had for his neighbour a gentleman of the name of Pooleh, possessed of a small but tolerable fortune, which he improved by farming his own estate. Mr. Pooleh was a man of an excellent disposition, but imagined that he was endowed with greater penetration than he actually possessed. Mild and generous to the laborious poor under him, whom he believed to be honest, he would prosecute with the most unsparing

and unforgiving severity all whom he conceived not to be so, though his judgement being in some degree defective; he was sometimes liable to mistake the knave for the honest man, and the honest man for the knave. This gentleman came to Sir William one morning, and requested a private interview with him on business, as he affirmed, of the greatest importance to Sir William himself. Sir William very readily granted him the interview he solicited, and Mr. Pooleh, after many preliminary compliments and apologies, informed him that he had lately, by the most extraordinary accident in the world, made a most important discovery — that Sir William's servant, Leonard, in whom he had reposed such unlimited confidence, was not only totally unworthy of that con-confidence, but deserving of the severest punishments for the frequent and infamous embezzlements and robberies he had committed on the property of his worthy master. Sir William was astonished at hearing such a charge brought against a man whom he had so distinguishedly favored, and on whom he had placed such reliance. He asked Mr. Pooleh to be more circumstantial and to produce his proofs. This he at first seemed to hesitate to do, and said that he was not certain that he was at liberty to name his informer, but that he was a person whom Sir William knew very well, and he only meant to put him on his guard, Sir William, however, declaring that he would not receive any such anonymous and dark accusation against a person whom he had hitherto so highly intrusted, he at last said that his informer was no other than Mr. John Dyer, a tenant on Sir William's estate, whom he made no doubt he could to-morrow bring before him to confirm to the face of Leonard every thing he had asserted concerning him.

Sir William was now still more surprised and perplexed. He knew John Dyer well; and, though he knew there was something odd and even disagreeable in his character, he had never known him guilty of deliberate falsehood, and especially of such mischievous malice; the meeting, however, which was to throw more light on this strange affair, was to take place the next day.

The next morning, accordingly, Mr. Pooleh and John Dyer came agreeable to the appointment of the former, and Leonard coming down the stairs into the hall, and Sir William, who had just returned from a short morning's walk to meet them, being standing there, Dyer, who seemed to expect to gain the victory by the first blow, if he took Leonard by surprise, immediately began a most furious attack upon him, charging him with having repeatedly taken more money of him for several things, on various occasions, than he had paid into his master; and this he said he could distinctly prove by a comparison of his receipts which he had by him, and his own, which Sir William must have. Both receipts were soon produced, and Leonard, while he acknowleged the receipts in the possession were very like his writing, could only deny them to be his, because he denied having ever received more money as due to his master, than he had paid; he likewise admitted, on it's being pointed

out to him, that the signature of John Dyer at the bottom of the receipts in the possession of Sir William was considerably unlike many older receipts, signed by him, which were sought for and produced; he could only say that they must be his writing, because he saw him write them, but no other person being present he could have no other witness. In short, the whole of his defence consisted in his denial of the charge. And in making this denial he appeared confounded and perplexed in the last degree. He hesitated, stammered, colored, faltered, and in his confusion exhibited all the symptoms of conscious guilt, but uniformly persisted in the assertion of his innocence.

His manner and appearance seemed to Mr. Pooleh irrefragable proofs of his guilt, and he viewed him with a mixture of indignation and aversion, but Sir William, partly, perhaps, from his regard as well as from conviction, thought he saw something in his behaviour not exactly like the effects of guilt, while the eagerness and vehemence of Dyer rendered his zeal in his opinion suspicious. He thanked Mr. Pooleh for his wish and endeavours to serve him, and returned similar thanks to Mr. Dyer, though, from the doubts he entertained, somewhat more coolly; he however declared to them both that he did not mean instantly to dismiss Leonard from his service and his sight for ever, as Mr. Pooleh had very warmly advised, but that he would suffer him to remain a few days longer to give him an opportunity of justifying himself, though he could not then see the possibility of it; and to afford him time for reflection, which might perhaps lead him to make a full confession. Mr. Pooleh and Dyer, therefore, departed, both of them, but especially the latter, who feared detection, not a little dissatisfied.

When they were gone, Sir William, who found himself not a little perplexed at this extraordinary case, and who wished to find Leonard innocent, though appearances were so much against him that his case seemed hopeless, sent for him and examined him in private, but could obtain nothing from him but repeated protestations of his innocence. He said that he was sure that some infamous plan had been formed to ruin him, though it was not in his power to suggest any means of detecting it. He at last shed many tears at the thought of being made the object of so foul an accusation, and throughout this conference, in the opinion of Sir William, showed many signs of innocence, but none of guilt; for Sir William judged very differently from Mr. Pooleh, and the same signs which served to confirm the latter in his first superficial opinion, only contributed to increase the doubts of the former, though he knew not how to solve them. To him Leonard appeared to be resigned to his wretched fate, and to offer no defence, because he was equally incapable of art and deceit himself, or detecting the art and deceit of others when employed against himself.

Several days passed over, and no discovery amounting to any thing similar to a proof of Leonard's innocence had been made, though Sir William had used every means that he thought might contribute

to a discovery, and he was on the very point of seeing himself oblig-ed to part with a favorite and faithful servant on a false accusa-tion. In the course of his re-searches, however, he chanced to fall into company with a person who was well acquainted with the true character of Dyer, and who declared that he knew him to be implacably revengeful for the least affront, desperately malicious, and capable of any falsehood, or even perjury, to carry any design he had formed. He said that he had known him from his youth, and such was always his base dis-position, notwithstanding he had contrived to ingratiate himself with Mr. Pooleh, who had not penetration enough to discover his real character. He added, that he had heard of the charge he had brought against Sir William's ser-vant, Leonard, and had no doubt from the character of the two men that it was false. He added, that he had some reasons for suspect-ing this attack on his faithful do-mestic was in a great measure abetted by a person whom he lit-tle suspected, who fancied that if he could remove Leonard he might himself step into his place.

It now suddenly occurred to Sir William, that a very covert and guarded application had already been made to him for the place by a person of the name of Maxwell, who claimed a kind of distant re-lationship to him, and whom he had, on that account, frequently befriended. He had indeed thought of him as the successor of Leonard, in case he should find himself obliged in prudence to dismiss the latter. But his sus-picions were now directed towards this Maxwell, and, on making further inquiry concerning him, he found that he was frequently in company with Dyer, who had been overheard to lay a wager with him of twenty guineas that Leo-nard was not in the service of Sir William three months longer. The more he inquired and re-flected, the more his suspicions increased, and he at length sent for Maxwell, and interrogated him with so much address and strictness, that, after much pre-varication and self contradiction, he brought him, by a promise not only of forgiveness on his part, but of a very liberal immediate reward, to confess that the whole was a plot of Dyer's, to revenge himself for some imagined slight, and to receive from him a pecu-niary recompence, should he be able to obtain the place of the discarded Leonard. The atten-dance of Mr. Pooleh and Dyer was again procured, and, on a further examination, the whole mystery was unraveled. It ap-peared that Dyer had forged the receipts he had produced, and carefully varied his own hand-writing in those which he gave, so as to make them appear only art-ful imitations. The innocence of Leonard was established; the knavery of Dyer detected; and the sagacious Mr. Pooleh con-vinced, that too hastily to trust to first appearances, without due examination, will too often lead the superficial observer into the grossest error.

FRAGMENT.

'FEW have been the years of my sojourning among the children of men,' said I, 'yet have I given my heart sedulously to study, and

my soul hath been diligent in seeking knowlege; 'for wisdom dwells not always with grey hairs, nor understanding with the aged.'

When the first dawn of reason visited my infancy, engaged in the diversions of childhood, sudden pensiveness has seised me, and, gazing on the vacant smile of my companions, I have said, 'Am I not different from these?'

The plant of celestial growth daily unfolded it's tender leaves in my expanding mind, gradually acquiring their promised firmness: then was it that my soul longed for the society of those who were excellent in virtue: then was it that I panted after the acquaintance of those who were 'conversant in dark parables, and whose delight was in the law of the Most High.'

But the way of my early pilgrimage was through the drear valley of obscurity, and sad and gloomy were my measured steps, till the bright glimmer of the star of hope shone on my path, and like the philosopher of Ephesus *, alone and unprotected, did I direct my wanderings towards the sacred groves of science. The brightness of wisdom glittered from it's summits, and my soul bent before the effulgence of it's heavy lustre.

I have considered the vast powers of the human mind, I have traced it in all it's wanderings, I have pursued it in it's most intricate windings. Wonderful in all thy works art thou, O God of the universe! from the high arch of heaven to the depths of the sea, but chiefly in the mind of man, is displayed the might of thy Omniscience!

MARY, of Coleshill.

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* Heraclitus.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM just come from reading a tolerable number of our modern romances, and, if you will give insertion to the following, you will perhaps amuse several of your readers, as well as oblige your constant subscriber, and sometimes correspondent,

LUCY FLIPPANT.

RECIPE TO MAKE A MODERN ROMANCE.

TAKE an old castle, pull down a part of it, and allow the grass to grow on the battlements, and provide the owls and bats with uninterrupted habitations among the ruins. Pour a sufficient quantity of heavy rain upon the hinges and bolts of the gates, so that when they are attempted to be opened they may creak most fearfully. Next take an old man, and employ him to sleep in a part of this castle, with frightful stories of lights that appear in the western, or the eastern tower every night, and of music heard in the neighbouring woods, and ghosts dressed in white who perambulate the place.

Convey to this castle a young lady, consign her to the care of the old man and woman, who must relate to her all they know, that is, all they do not know, but only suspect. Make her dreadfully terrified at the relations, but dreadfully impatient to behold the reality. Convey her, perhaps on the second night of her arrival, through a trap-door, and from the trap-door to a flight of steps downwards, and from a flight of steps

to a subterraneous passage, and from a subterraneous passage to a door that is shut, and from that to a door that is open, and from that to a cell, and from that to a chapel, and from a chapel back to a subterraneous passage again. Here present either a skeleton with a live face, or a living body with the head of a skeleton, or a ghost all in white, or a groan from a distant part of a cavern, or the shake of a cold hand, or a suit of armor moving—fierce, 'put out the light, and then....'

Let this be repeated for some nights in succession, and, after the lady has been dissolved to a jelly with her fears, let her be delivered by the man of her heart, and married—*Probatum est.*

As in medicine there is what physicians call an elegant prescription, to distinguish it from those incongruous and absurd mixtures of the antient empirics, so, lest any one should think there are too many ingredients in the above recipe, let him take the following:

A novel now, says Will, is nothing more
Than an old castle and a creaking door;
A distant hovel,
Clancling of chains, a gallery, a light,
Old armor, and a phantom all in white—
And there's a novel.

To the Editor *of the* Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

THE appearance, in your last Number, of the '*Useful Hint to Song-writers*,' from Dr. Carey's '*Practical English Prosody and Versification*,' induces me to trouble you with a few lines relative to that publication—which, by the bye, has encouraged me and several of my acquaintance to try our hands at verse-making, by the easy and agreeable method there pursued in the *Poetic Exercises*; so that you may expect, ere long, to find some of us candidates for admission into the poetic department of your entertaining miscellany. Meantime, to resume my subject—in page 72 of the Exercises, Dr. Carey says, that, 'in *Orpheus*, *Theseus*, *Proteus*, and a very numerous list of Greek names of similar termination, the *eu* is a diphthong,' and the *eus* to be pronounced 'as a single syllable, nearly like the French verb *eusse*, or the English noun *use*.' Now, to me, this requires explanation, as it perhaps also may to many other of your readers. As Dr. Carey has particularly excepted *Alpheus* and *Peneus*, I should be glad to know whether he means that *all other* Greek names in *eus* make the *eu* a diphthong, or only *some* of them;—whether, for example, *Timotheus* and *Briareus* are to be pronounced as words of *three* syllables, or *four*; and, if the latter, whether any rule can be given which shall enable a plain English scholar, like me, to distinguish those which make the *eu* a diphthong, from those which do not.

If this letter should meet Dr. Carey's eye, and he will be so kind as to convey, through the channel of your Magazine, a line of explanation upon the subject in question, he will, I doubt not, confer an obligation upon many others besides your humble servant, and constant reader,

Sophia.

Bloomsbury,
Oct. 15.

THE

RESUSCITATED MARINER;

OR, THE

INCIDENTS OF MYRTLE GROVE.

BY MRS. PILKINGTON.

IN the north west part of Devonshire, on the very edge of the Bristol Channel, resided a gentleman of the name of Arbuthnot, whom misfortune seemed to have marked out, as an object of inveteracy; and to whom sorrow had given the appearance of age.—His manly cheeks appeared indented by the drops of affliction which passed over them; and his form, once peculiarly erect and graceful, was bent with misfortune's weight; yet his mild eyes beamed with universal philanthropy, and poverty never turned unaided from his hospitable gate.

This excellent character was a striking instance of the instability of worldly greatness, and of the insecurity of wealth; for through the artifice of a pretended friend, and from the unexpected failure of a scheme which appeared to promise unbounded prosperity, he was suddenly reduced from a state of affluence to indigence and want.—At the moment this unlooked-for calamity befel Mr. Arbuthnot the lottery happened to be drawing, and in a state of mind almost bordering on distraction he entered an office, and purchased half a ticket.—Fortune in this one instance proved propitious; for the ticket came up a ten thousand pounds prize; and with the half of that sum he resolved to purchase a small estate in Devonshire, and retire with his family into that distant part of England.—The motive which induced Mr. Arbuthnot to fix upon Devonshire, was the delicate state of his amiable wife's health, who, previous to the unexpected alteration in his circumstances, had been ordered to Lisbon, for a pulmonary complaint.

A few weeks previous to the disaster which overwhelmed the worthy Mr. Arbuthnot in ruin, he had purchased an ensigncy in the Guards for his eldest child, a promising young man, who appeared to inherit all his father's virtues, and all his probity and rectitude of mind.—Frederick Arbuthnot at this period had just completed his eighteenth year: noble, high-spirited, and superior to every act of fraudulence, his heart thirsted for revenge upon the author of his father's distress. Carefully, however, did he conceal from that father the plan which he meditated; but after taking the most effectual measures to discover the retreat which his pretended friend had chosen, he demanded (what is termed) a gentleman's satisfaction.—Ill-fated youth! the satisfaction was readily given; and the man who had brought ruin upon the father, robbed the son of existence! whilst the mother of this promising young man, upon hearing the fatal intelligence, was seised with convulsion fits, under which she struggled eight and forty hours, when her spotless spirit took it's flight to the realms of everlasting bliss....

Under this accumulated load of grief, the unfortunate Mr. Ar-

buthnot retired into Devonshire with his beloved Amelia, a girl about fifteen, purchased a retired spot upon the borders of the ocean, and in completing her education endeavoured to lose the recollection of his griefs. — Two years had elapsed without any particular circumstance occurring. The sorrow which oppressed the heart of Arbuthnot rendered him slow in returning the civilities of his few surrounding neighbours; for solitude was more congenial to his feelings than society, yet he visited a few families for the sake of his daughter. — With the rector of the adjoining village he was in habits of greater intimacy than any of his acquaintance; and Amelia, now and then, received permission to pass two or three days with the worthy Mrs. Hemington. She had been enjoying that gratification in the beginning of November about two years after her arrival in Myrtle-Grove, (the name which the amiable girl had given to her father's residence), in consequence of the garden being inclosed by a high hedge of that fragrant plant. — Hrs. Hemington and the doctor had both accompanied Amelia in her walk home; and at the request of Mr. Arbuthnot consented to take their tea at the Grove. They had not been seated many minutes, when an unusual gloom overspread the horizon; a hollow wind suddenly arose, the waves appeared unusually agitated, and all nature proclaimed an approaching storm! — The surrounding prospect was soon illumined by the most vivid flashes of lightning; whilst peals of the loudest thunder rent the air! in short, it was a night to excite apprehension in the bosom of innocence, and to make the guilty tremble with fear!

The sea, irradiated by the streams of fire which rapidly passed over it, presented a fearful object to the sight; several trading vessels were evidently driven from their moorings, and alternately appeared elevated mountain high, and then suddenly embosomed in the deep. Mr. Arbuthnot had benevolently added a high dome to a summer-house at the end of his garden, which served the double purpose of an observatory and a light-house. Candles were accordingly placed in every direction to aid and assist the unfortunate mariners. — For Doctor Hemmington, and his lady, to have returned home, would have been impossible; a bed was accordingly prepared, but no one thought of retiring to rest at the usual hour, as the storm continued to rage with unabating fury, and guns of distress were distinctly heard.

The worthy rector offered prayers to the Throne of Mercy for helpless beings exposed to the violence of the storm; and upon discovering the signals of distress draw nearer, and nearer, the two gentlemen, accompanied by the gardener and his son, took lanterns and went to the edge of the coast. The rain descended in absolute torrents, and the warring winds continued to howl; but the thunder had ceased — the lightning no longer illumined the horizon — and they were surrounded by darkness profound!......Shrieks soon assailed their ears! nay, even prayers for assistance reached them — but, alas! they were fruitless and vain. To have attempted putting out a boat, must have been to brave destruction,

when after waiting a few minutes a dreadful silence prevailed.

That the hapless crew were buried in the fathomless abyss appeared but too evident; yet Mr. Arbuthnot and his humane companions resolved not to quit the shore, although their clothes were drenched with the pouring rain united to the splashing of the briny surge.

They were prepared with long rakes and a kind of crook, made use of by fishermen, and at length they perceived something driven towards them by a wave with impetuous force; it recoiled back in spite of their exertions to secure it, but the next wave sent it within the reach of the crook.—Judge, if possible, of their sensations at discovering the body of an apparently lifeless young man, who had received a deep wound upon the temple, whence they had the gratification of observing the blood rapidly stream.

The humane gardener, who was a stout fellow, instantly seised the body by the heels, when stooping down, and placing them across his shoulders, he arose gradually and let the head descend to the earth. Doctor Hemmington and Mr. Arbuthnot began rubbing the body with the most powerful friction, when in a few moments an immense quantity of the briny element was disgorged; a groan proclaimed returning animation, and the gardener judiciously stretched his burthen upon the ground.—Eagerly were their eyes again directed towards the ocean; but no other object presented itself for the exertion of humanity; the boy was sent for a chair, and desired to give orders for a bed to be prepared for the resuscitated stranger, whose fineness of linen proved him to be a gentleman.

I shall not attempt to describe the sensations which agitated the bosom of the two ladies, at hearing their dearest connexions had been the means of preserving a fellow-creature's life. Dorcas, a faithful female, who had followed the fallen fortune of her master, flew to the spot with reviving cordials in spite of the still pouring rain, whilst Peggy, a young woman who waited upon Amelia, and acted as housemaid, took up a pan of coals and began warming her mistress's bed. The unfortunate, or more properly speaking, the providentially preserved stranger, had by this time been conveyed to Mr. Arbuthnot's hospitable abode:—the door was eagerly opened by the anxious Amelia, who beheld his still senseless form supported by her respected parent. Doctor Hemmington and the gardener carried the chair between them, whilst William, the boy, supported the drooping legs.—Honest Dorcas was by no means an inactive spectator—'Do, Miss Arbuthnot,' she exclaimed, 'fetch the bottle of Friar's Balsam. I will dip some lint in it, and apply it to the temple, for I cannot help fearing the poor dear young gentleman will bleed to death.

As doctors frequently differ, so had the humane Dorcas and her master; for the latter was aware, the stream which issued from the wound prevented the necessity of phlebotomy, whilst the former had repeatedly expressed her fears the young man would bleed to death.

Amelia, however, flew to obey her domestic's orders, and returned in a few moments with the valuable balsam; Dorcas instant-

ly moistened a pledget of lint with it, and carefully bound up the wound.

The stranger was conveyed to the bed prepared for him, but previous to which dry linen was put on, and in performing this necessary office the portrait of a gentleman, apparently about forty, was discovered under the shirt. Neither Mr. Arbuthnot or his friend paid any attention to the features of the young man's supposed father, so anxious were they of stripping off his clothes the resemblance was committed to the care of Dorcas, who carefully deposited it in one of her drawers.

The person of the young stranger, even under all the disadvantages which he labored, had struck both the ladies as remarkably fine; his form appeared as perfect as that of Apollo's, whilst the beauty of Narcissus could be traced on his pallid face. The warmth of the bed, united to the reviving effect of the cordial which had been poured down his throat, produced returning animation, and after two or three deep-drawn sighs, he not only opened his eyes but endeavoured to speak.

'Compose yourself, my dear young man,' said the amiable Mr. Arbuthnot, 'but do not attempt to speak; take a few drops more of this cordial, and endeavour to refresh exhausted nature by the aid of sleep.' A silent inclination of the head testified the young stranger's readiness to follow his preserver's advice. The party all quitted the chamber, leaving Dorcas sole manager of the invalid.—The storm had by this time nearly abated, and the gentlemen once more directed their steps towards the sea, which was still enveloped in darkness, though the wind had ceased to roar, and the waves to rise mountain high.

The clock had by this time struck two; and Mr. Arbuthnot proposed that the two ladies should share the only spare bed; and that Doctor Hemmington should accept a part of his. The proposal was readily agreed to, and the worthy family retired to rest, leaving Dorcas and old Richard, the gardener, to watch by the sick man's bed.—The two gentlemen arose early in the morning, and immediately hastened to the beach, where a scene of horror presented itself beyond the power of language to paint, Not less than thirty bodies had been left upon the sands by the retiring waves; the main-mast of the ship was discoverable, and from it's horizontal position it was evident the vessel was lying perfectly on it's side. Shattered rafters, and splintered planks proved the ill-fated ship had actually been dashed to pieces; a variety of different packages were floating in the sands. Crowds of persons from the coasts and neighbouring villages were gathering together for the purposeof pillaging the unfortunate wreck. Doctor Hemmington filled the double office of rector, and magistrate; he therefore instantly summoned the constables, and gave them orders to preserve the effects. The lifeless bodies of the hapless crew were decently collected together, and placed in a barn belonging to a farmer of the name of Raikes, that the coroner might fulfil his office, previous to interment.—Whilst the worthy Mr. Arbuthnot and the active Doctor Hemmington were busily employed in giving directions for the preservation

of different articles which had floated on shore, the being whom their humanity had snatched from the jaws of destruction was enjoying the refreshment of quiet repose, and did not awake until the hour of breakfast, when his senses appeared collected, and his mind perfectly calm. His two anxious attendants were each seated near the side of his bed; and, opening his eyes as the clock was striking, 'Great God!' he exclaimed, 'has my existence been preserved?'—

'Yes, my dear sir,' replied the delighted Dorcas, 'God Almighty in mercy sent two angels (as I may term them) to your deliverance, and but for their exertions you must have shared the same fate as your unfortunate companions.'—

'Tell me, my kind friends, to whom I owe my deliverance?' said the renovated mariner, 'that whilst I pour forth my grateful thanks to the Throne of Mercy, I may implore the Almighty to shower down his choicest blessings on their head.'

'Dr. Hemmington and my honored master, Mr. Arbuthnot,' replied Richard; 'and two worthier gentlemen never broke a bit of bread.'—

'Arbuthnot! did you say Arbuthnot?' eagerly demanded the stranger, at the same time raising himself upright in his bed.

'Yes, Arbuthnot and Hemmington are the names of the gentlemen who preserved you,' rejoined Richard; 'though, thank God! *I* lent a helping hand; and, sure and sartin, when I seed it was a fellow-creature we was dragging, I thought outright my heart would have leap'd out of my breast; for to preserve life is, as one may say, like making a new crature; and I shall love you, I am sartain, as long as I lives.'

'How inscrutable are thy ways, oh! Thou Preserver of the undeserving!' slowly ejaculated the young man, as with uplifted hands and eyes directed towards Heaven, he appeared lost in reflection.— From meditation, however, he was aroused by a gentle tapping at his chamber door; for Mr. Arbuthnot was just returned, and, hearing Dorcas conversing with her patient, entered the room.

'God be praised, my dear sir,' said he, 'for making my family the humble instruments of your preservation; I rejoice at beholding you so much better than I expected. Do you feel any ill effect from the wound?'

'I feel nothing but gratitude and wonder, sir! though to express the former is impossible. I have felt the pangs of dissolution, and to be in existence appears incomprehensible! and, next to the Great Preserver of my being, to you, sir, do I owe the devoted services of my life.'

'Talk not of obligations,' replied the worthy Mr. Arbuthnot, 'I have merely performed a duty; depraved must be that wretch who would not stretch forth a succouring hand to save a fellow-creature from a watery grave! But how do you find yourself, my dear sir? Is the wound upon your temple painful? Shall I, or shall I not, send for a surgeon?—

'Temple!' exclaimed the young stranger, clapping his hand upon his forehead; 'you may suppose, my kind preserver, it is not materially affected, when I tell you that I did not know it had received an injury; or, until this moment, was sensible of having a

bandage upon it.—But dare I ask,' continued he, in a mournful accent, 'whether the lives of any of my fellow passengers have been preserved?'

A silent shake of the hand too plainly told the melancholy intelligence. 'Great God! may that life, which thy protecting hand preserved so miraculously, be devoted to thy service!' he ejaculated in a half whisper, yet loud enough to reach the ears of his humane protector; who in a louder tone repeated, '*Amen.*'

(To be continued.)

American Characters and Scenery.

[*An Extract from a Novel lately published, entitled* Arnold, *or, a Trait of Civil War and it's Consequences.*]

THE grey of evening hung it's dusky mantle on the forest, as Louisa knocked at the door of a miserable cottage. It was opened by a tall old man, with locks as white as silver hanging down his narrow shoulders neglected and uncombed. He was bent with either age or infirmity, and appeared to have been wiping the tear from his reddened and swollen eye.

With a slow and measured cadence, he requested to be informed of the nature of her business; and to the question of Louisa whether Jedidiah Allface was within, with the same solemnity of manner, he replied, 'that he himself was the man.'

Louisa then mentioned the name of her kind friend; and, presenting his respects, entreated to be admitted as an inmate to his hospitable dwelling for the night.

'I have long,' said he, 'been acquainted with the worthy Jacob Herrold and his family; but, as you seem not to have brought any written document with you, as a voucher of the truth of your report, I cannot be any other ways assured of your not being an impostor, and that you do not come, perhaps, with some sinister intent, than from the proof offered me by your own solitary assertion.'

'You may perceive, if you possess any penetration, that my heart is corroded with the deepest anguish, and that with difficulty I can support myself against it's overwhelming rage.—Oh, God!' added he, 'how have I merited affliction such as this, without interval, and without bounds! Two of my sons, woman!' continued he, 'fell in one day by the hands of the island murderers.—Mark me, however,' and he looked the picture of a hoary dæmon, just escaped from the realms of below;—'Mark me!' with increasing energy and malice, 'I will have revenge.—Revenge! art thou not sweet to man? and, in such a case as mine thou must be innocent.—Yes, I will have it,' in a lower tone, as if muttering to himself, 'though my whole family be involved by it in irremediable ruin.'

It was plain to Louisa that he was a man who had heartily espoused the cause of the colonies; and that to have indulged his passions, and secured his rights, he would not scruple to butcher, with his own hands, every son and daughter of the mother country. The loss of his children, without doubt, gave him considerable pain; but it was the

ery of liberty which really inflamed his mind, and wound him up to the demoniac pitch of fury in which Louisa unfortunately happened to surprise him.

'In such a situation, and with such immeasureable griefs, to mourn over and distract me,' said he, raising again his voice to it's usual mellifluous tone, 'company, of any kind, you must be sensible cannot be agreeable; and company, especially which, for ought I am bound to believe, may be both troublesome and improper.'

The savage was a dotard, or, with the slightest look at the inimitable figure before him, his heart could not have dictated, nor his mouth uttered, so abominable and ridiculous a speech.

'For one night, however,' he concluded, 'you are welcome to enter my gates; and you will now, of course, join us in the family devotions which you have so long prevented us from offering to the Great Father of Mercies,' and he bent his head almost to the threshold, with the shameful grimace of affected reverence, 'who will assuredly not permit these destructive rascals to escape, with impunity, his avenging hand, but hurl them from their proud pre-eminence, and manyfold repay them the grievous losses they have brought upon a righteous and innocent nation; the tears they have drawn from the widow and orphan; the sighs of regret and anguish they have wrung from the aged and infirm.'

Having finished his very merciful and appropriate rhapsody; introductory to the ceremony he invited Louisa to participate, he slowly turned him round as on a pivot, and, without farther ceremony, preceded his astonished guest in the house.

She naturally concluded she had full permission to attend him, and gently followed at an humble distance. In the kitchen, to which he advanced, there were two or three children collected, an old woman, his wife, (as it afterwards appeared), a ragged girl, and an odd figure, something similar to a human being, supposed to be the assistant at the farm, and indented servant.

They were awaiting, with becoming reverence, the noble patriach's return; and, without taking the slightest notice of the person who accompanied him, they fell immediately on their knees as soon as he came in, in expectation of the pious and devout effusions they, for many years, were in the daily habit of hearing, at a stated hour.

Faint, very faint is the term enthusiasm, to express the nature of the devotions to which Louisa was at this time a constrained witness: they were certainly the dictates of a most mistaken piety; of ignorance, brutality, selfishness, and revenge.

'And the tormenting period of a full revolution of the dial,' did they not cease, with unabated fervor, to be bawled forth. The assembly, at length, became nearly invisible to one another; the small and single taper, which had been placed at the commencement of the business on the table, having washed i'ts expiring blaze, completely filled the chamber with the odorous effusion of it's last remains. A few sparks of fire, now and then, with feeble rays, emitted from the chimney with comfortless exposure, informed the attracted gazer what

had once been there. Sealed were the eyes of the tired domestics in refreshing slumber; the children, with their little heads recumbent on a chair, the aged matron, thoughtless of her pious husband's orgies, were all fast asleep. The orator himself began to pause: his repetitions, Oh, how many times repeated, palled. At length, he deemed he had sufficiently astonished his almost fainting visitor, and, consented to return, from the resplendent bowers of Heaven, in which he had assuredly been wandering for a full hour, to the dark precincts of his miserable kitchen. He ceased the thunder of his powerful rhetoric; and, mark the magic of the extraordinary scene, the sleepers all awoke as in an instant; all solemnly arose, as if they retained the fervors of their devotion; and then so suddenly alert were they, as if the toils and labor of the day had to begin, hastening, alike relieved from weariness and sleep, to light again the blaze upon the hearth, and usher in the welcome relics of the dinner fare.

That devotion is, at times, of a nature powerfully soporific has been long known and lamented by the pious and the great; but it was certainly reserved for the uncultivated wilds of America to exhibit a cessation of it's effects so wonderfully instantaneous.

When Jedidiah had recovered his fatigue, by the powerful assistance of a square bottle in the corner of the apartment, he recollected that it was full time to introduce his fair guest to his assembled family. The ceremony ended, and the nature of her request explained, the old lady seated her by her side at the table, and entreated her to feel herself perfectly at home. She was much obliged by her attention, but with the purport of her entreaty she was unable to comply. Besides, the devotion of her landlord seemed to have escaped his memory, or at least to have chosen a different object for it's exercise, than he had lately taken considerable trouble to induce the belief. Far from easy was the old woman in her chair; and to Louisa the cause was plain. Satisfied in her own mind with the propriety of her conduct, which was carefully restrained to the coldest forms of civility, yet she could not be wholly indifferent to Jedidiah's foolishly impassioned behaviour, though, at times, she would sit and smile upon the old woman and her children, with all the fascinations she possessed.

The lady, at last, took the liberty to check the ardor of her husband's attentions, hinting to him, that it was not entirely in character for so old a person to be particularly sedulous about so young a maiden.

The change, which at this time had taken place, from stern brutality to officious assiduity, though instantaneous, is not so unaccountable as at first sight it may appear. The pride arising from a consciousness of our abilities is very apt to produce a degree of kindness to the person whom we believe to be inspired by them with a respect for our character, and a tenderness to ourselves. The ardency of Jedidiah's devotional exercises was certainly increased by a latent hope of creating an interest of the former kind in the bosom of his fair guest; and when she addressed him, during supper, with the politeness

natural to her on all occasions, he flattered himself with the achievement of the object he had in view. His pride was called into action, and he thought it but necessary and grateful to be civilly attentive to one whom he had warmed into admiration by the brilliancy of his delivery, and the strength of his reasoning powers.

But there was more in his attentions than was merely dictated by gratified pride, or an honest desire to return civility for admiration. Louisa was fair, and Jedidiah perceived it. She was gentle, and he began to dream. It was a favorite tenet with him that nothing was impossible; and, had it not been for the timely intervention of his sagacious partner, whose eyes were keen at a discovery of this kind, the ears of virtue might have been shocked with an acknowlegement they would certainly have resented, and the spirit of discord and dismay have succeeded to that of hypocritical grimace, and the rant of superstition become raving.

No sooner was the supper finished than the careful matron reminded Louisa that she must be fatigued with her journey, and would, perhaps, be happy to retire. There was no necessity to repeat the suggestion. Tired, in both mind and body, disconcerted with sour looks, and improper ones, disgusted with the want of cleanliness and comfort, she readily attended her conductress to a miserable chamber that had been prepared for her reception, with the visionary hope of forgetting, in a few minutes, every subject of disquietude.

The hope was visionary: the noble family in the kitchen, on the return of it's mistress, entered on a long and animated debate. Tropes and figures flew round in abundance; matter insensibly increased; and the style might, at last, have challenged the continent for elegance and purity. A series of altercation and reproach consumed the greatest portion of the night; and not till every epithet was exhausted which their fervid and fertile imaginations could suggest, till their spirits flattened and their frames were completely fatigued, was their fair and innocent guest, though the fatal occasion of the whole, suffered to enjoy, in quiet, her wretched chamber.

The morning brought with it some faint hopes of escaping her persecutions; but to one of them she was yet obliged, uncomplainingly, to submit. From another hour's fervent devotion there was not any possibility of escape; but, from the nauseous and contemptible attentions of the old fool, she was happily exempted; more, perhaps, through the extreme caution and overstrained politeness of his silly wife, than any coolness in his former regards, or desire to express them.

Several rivulets occurred in the course of the day, which were swelled with the rain of the preceding evening. The road was wet and slippery, and the clouds, which had not yet discharged the whole of their contents, gloomed heavily, and foretold a storm.

In many periods of human life, as on this occasion, more fears are entertained than are followed by realities. With the increase of the day the clouds separated, and the weather became mild, pleasant, and serene.

Neither sunshine nor a lowering atmosphere could greatly elevate

or depress Louisa; but she was no friend to wet clothes, and she was somewhat more satisfied, when she felt the warm gleam of the solar ray, and, from the extent of the bright azure in the heavens, had her fears dispelled of the coming of the threatened shower.

She drew near a river of some magnitude, and as it's waters were turbid and evidently increased, she sat her down on the bank, to await the casual opportunity of getting over in safety.

In a small meadow was a neat cottage on the opposite bank, and returning to it, from their daily occupation, was the family seen issuing from the wood. She discovered herself to them, and beckoned them to approach the river, which, as soon as they had done, she explained to them, as well as the roar of the waters would permit, the nature of her present situation. They motioned to her to remain in the place where she was, promising immediately to return.

They went away; but, in a few minutes, they again advanced with a small boat, into which they courteously conducted her; and, as soon as they had landed on the other side, hospitality offered her the best of their cottage fare.

An urbanity, seldom to be met with in the back settlements of America, presented itself, in every word and action of this amiable family. Kind, civil, and affectionate, their manners could not fail but please, while a look of contentment, with the fate that attended them, discovered to you the satisfaction which pervaded their hearts.

Their evening entertainment was homely, but it was plentiful, and served with the genuine spirit of hospitality. The repast ended, the whole family were convened; and, without either indifference or enthusiasm, were their orisons offered to the author of all good by it's cheerful master, who rendered to his God and benefactor the meek and grateful tribute of his heart, the homage of a dependent creature, with an expression of his humble hopes for future favor and protection.

Louisa was delighted with all she either heard or saw; and, on retiring for the night, with the tidy and interesting mistress of the humble but happy mansion, she expressed to her, with much genuine emotion, the pleasure she had derived from the few but charming hours which had passed since their acquaintance.

'Yes,' returned the gratified and smiling matron, 'we are all happy.—Though secluded, as you see, from the world, we have but few wishes, but what an occasioned visit to the nearest town satisfies at an easy rate. Health is fortunately ours; and industry, without severe toil, allows us to hope it will be permanent. The dispositions and principles of my children are excellent; with my husband my heart is entwined. The future prospects, indeed, of our little ones, do naturally, at times, excite our apprehensions; and we would much rather they should perish here, should seasons fail, and Providence deny his blessing in obscurity and want, than forsaking these abodes of innocence and peace, be perverted, in the pursuit of a more splendid establishment, by the lessons and example of a tempting and degenerate world, and learn to divide and forsake what they here follow and admire, losing their

tranquillity and hopes, for a less permanent and substantial reality, than the shadow of the passing cloud upon the mountain's snow.

'My Henry, often, chides my diffidence, and we strive to cheer one another with the gratifying assurance, that the offspring of the good are regarded by the Almighty with an especial care. The permanence of our present blessings we infer from the grateful recollection we entertain of those already received, and the ideas we possess of the extreme goodness of the Author. Surely,' repeated she, 'the children of the virtuous are the peculiar charge of Heaven, and it is not it's custom to lightly withdraw the favors it has conferred. To the grateful who acknowlege their receipt, and who study to render themselves fit objects of it's future bounty, it almost affords a certainty that what it has once given it will be in no haste to retake.'

Unwilling, on the following day, to leave the happy tenants of these shades, Louisa with readiness accepted their invitation to pass the day at their cot. It was Sunday, and it was spent in rational devotion, and in taking various inoffensive rambles among the beautiful scenery of this romantic vale.

The house was built in a narrow valley, defended from the storms of winter by the adjacent wood. The river flowed before it, with all the noise and impetuosity which a descent, studded with broken rocks, and a sudden accession of water, could produce. On the opposite bank arose a stupendous mountain, the last of a long chain of hills, half way wooded to it's base. Beneath the summit, which rose into a peak, it was encircled with a zone of solid rock, rugged with many a gaping chasm, like an old embattlement fast hastening to decay. From a cave, dark as the abode of death, sprung a roaring cataract, and, for many hundred feet, poured down it's waters over projecting pieces of the steep, half hidden in a mist of foam.

Tall, and of mountain growth, was every vine and cedar, which bedecked the limits of the valley; and every plane and chesnut, severally, a forest of themselves. With many a winding walk, and many a lonely dell, with all the opening flowers of early spring, with many a heath in gay profusion, and every shrub that wild uncultured nature in those climes could produce, was she powerfully delighted as she strayed along. — Oh! and it's inhabitants could mark, and could enjoy it's beauties! Theirs was the sunshine of the soul; theirs that ignorance of vice such as is known in cities; theirs that total freedom from a guilty feeling, with that consciousness of intended right, which makes a wilderness to bloom; and, absent from the breast of human beings, let the sun display it's greatest glories, and the fields be decked in all the charms which spring or nature gives them, be the climate gentle, and Golconda theirs, an aching void there is sensibly experienced, and a dark cloud hovering which englooms the scene. — Paraida, you stole from the gentle Louisa the canker of grief! Paraida, you for a moment instilled into her bosom an oblivion of care! Blessed be your shades and cataract; blessed be the mountain which rears it's head above your roaring stream; and each tree and shrub which

fascinated her eye. May spring, may summer, and may autumn be the only seasons which visit you; or, as the nature of joy without cessation is to pall, of pleasure to surfeit, may the storm of winter fall, but fall gently, in your valley, to awaken, by it's contrast, the languid powers of the hearts of your inhabitants, again to the blessings of spring, of summer, and of autumn, in your enchanting vale. . . .

Description of the City of Edinburgh.

[*From Sir John Carr's* Caledonian Sketches.]

I HAVE seen a great number of cities, but have never yet seen one so peculiarly novel and romantic, and very few so grand and impressive as Edinburgh. The morning after my arrival, I was conducted to the centre of the Earthen Mound, with my back towards the castle, where the contrast of the objects within my view excited at once my astonishment and admiration. On my right, upon an elevated ridge stood the Old Town, with it's lofty houses, in sombre and sullen majesty; on my left the New Town, resembling Bath in the gaiety and splendor of it's buildings; below, a vast valley, once the bed of a lake; before me the North Bridge, bestriding this valley, and resembling an aqueduct, behind which rise the craggy summits of the Calton Hills, and, on the side of them, stands the castellated form of the new Bridewell. The imagination cannot form such an assemblage of sublime and extraordinary objects. Nature and art seem to have happily exerted their energies in bringing within one view all the varieties of their powers. The classical eye has discovered some resemblance between Edinburgh and Athens; the castle has been compared with the Acropolis, Arthur's Seat with Mount Hymettus, and Leith, and Leith Walk, with the Piræus. If the North Loch and Cowgate were filled with water, Edinburgh would in a considerable degree resemble Stockholm, which stands upon insulated ridges of rock. This romantic city is constantly presenting a new picture with the progress of the sun, and the change of the atmosphere and the season. The stupendous and magnificent rock and castle finely grouping with every surrounding object.

The situation of Edinburgh must be extremely healthy. It is surrounded by hills on all sides, except to the northward, where the ground gently slopes to the Frith of Forth. It is bounded on the east by the Calton Hills, Arthur's Seat, and Salisbury Crags; on the south by the long ridge of the Pentland Hills, and the hills of Braid; and on the west by the Costorphine Hill; all of them objects of great beauty or interest. So many lofty mountains, and the opening to the north, frequently subject the city to violent, and sometimes terrible, storms of wind; by which persons walking in the streets have been often thrown to the ground; the effect, however, upon the whole, is beneficial to the city, as every narrow street and passage is well ventilated. The extent of Edin-

burgh, from east to west, is about two English miles, and from north to south about the same distance, and it's circumference about eight miles.

The principal part of the Old Town is raised upon a hill, which gradually rises from east to west, where it terminates in a rocky precipice of three hundred feet in height, upon the summit of which stands the castle, now rendered, by the improvements in modern warfare, fit only for a garrison, though once entitled to the character given of it by Burns, in his address to Edinburgh:

> 'There watching high the least alarms,
> Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
> Like some bold vet'ran grey in arms,
> And mark'd with many a seamy scar:
> The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
> Grim rising o'er the rugged rock,
> Have oft withstood assailing war,
> And oft repell'd the invader's shock.'

Along the summit of this rocky eminence extends a magnificent street, rather more than a mile long, commencing from the castle, and terminating at the palace of Holyrood-House, called in parts by the several names of Castle-Hill, Lawn-Market, High-Street, and Canon-Gate. Other parts of the Old Town are built upon the ridges on either side of this hill; and on the southern hill is raised the new part of the Old Town, in which are several handsome streets, and a mixture of new and antient houses. This part is connected with the other by a bridge of nineteen arches, only one of which appears, called the South Bridge, thrown over a valley, now formed into a long, dirty, and, generally, very crowded street, called the Cowgate, the view of which from the visible arch, on each side of South Bridge-Street, is equally unexpected and interesting. Towards the North Loch, the houses in the Old Town are of an amazing height, having, from their sloping situation, three or four more stories at the back than in the front.

The New Town, the great ornament of Edinburgh, is built of stone, upon an elevated plain on the north. The singular beauty of it's situation is equalled only by the graceful arrangement of it's streets, and the splendid assemblage of it's buildings. Yet, compared with the bustle and population of the Old Town, there is a tranquillity in the streets similar to that which is to be found in Berlin, and which gives it the appearance of being thinly inhabited, and an air altogether melancholy. Georges'-Street is very fine: the people of Edinburgh think it injured by what is whimsically called the *impudence* of the clergy, in bringing the church of St. Andrew so forward, and the *modesty* of the physicians, in placing their hall so far back.

The number of handsome hotels were amongst the early objects of my admiration. Some of them are as splendid as any in London, and prove the rapid advance which Edinburgh has made in refinement. The rooms are elegantly furnished, and the servants tolerably clean, and very attentive. Not many years ago, the inns afforded the most wretched accommodations, and the waiters were so filthy, that it was whimsically said of them that, if you were to throw one of them against a wall, he would stick there. Indeed, so late as the year 1768, a stranger coming to Edinburgh, was obliged to put up at a filthy

execrable inn, or bad private lodging. The word *hotel* was then only known to those who understood French or old English; but the Caledonian, like the English capital, has experienced great changes for the better.

Account of the Town of Perth and it's Situation.

[*From the Same.*]

THE road to Perth is extremely good, and the country presented an appearance of increased luxuriance and cultivation as I advanced. Wood, and corn fields, hill and dale, every where gladdened the eye; and the looks and habits of the peasantry seemed to correspond with the flourishing gaiety of the surrounding scenery. The superb plain of Gowrie, extending for nearly twenty miles, opened in the most unexpected and beautiful manner. A short distance from Perth, the windings of the Tay, the bridge uniting the rich and romantic country on either side, the handsome appearance of the town, the cavalry barracks, and an expanded view behind, offer to the eye the most enchanting prospect. When Agricola and his army first beheld the Tay, and the adjacent plain, upon which Perth at present stands, it is recorded that they exclaimed with one voice, '*Ecce Tibur! Ecce Campus Martius!* Behold the Tibur! Behold the Field of Mars!' The Italians afterwards called the Tay the New Tibur.

This river, which deservedly excited the eulogium of the Roman legions, is the chief of all the Scottish waters, and has it's source in the western extremity of Perthshire, in the district of Braedalbane, on the frontiers of Lorn, in Argyleshire.

With an exception of the New Town, Edinburgh, the town of Perth, the capital of the county of Perthshire, is by far the best built and most regular of any in Scotland. Perhaps a finer situation for a capital could not be found. The streets are broad and long, well paved, with handsome buildings on either side, and many elegant shops. It appears that, antiently, particular streets were inhabited by particular artisans, as the names of some, still preserved, seem to indicate. The inns are excellent. It would be tedious, and foreign to my purpose, to describe this beautiful city minutely: it will be sufficient to observe, that the principal streets in the old part of the town are the High and the South Street, both of which are very long, and the George-Street, Charlotte-Street, the Crescent, Rose Terrace, and the Circus, are the most handsome in the new part. This town has been subject to some very destructive inundations, which have caused the streets to be raised from time to time. Many stories, and even whole houses, are to be found below the surface of the street.

THE GARDEN OF IRIM.

A PERSIAN ROMANCE.

Literally translated from the Persic.

THEY have related, that when Shuddaud, who was Sovereign of

Yemen, heard the description of Paradise, he said, 'To me for Paradise there is no necessity; I, myself, will make a paradise of which any man the like cannot have beheld.' Then he commanded his officers that they should explore a spot for forming a garden. They in search to every quarter hastened, until a spot of pleasant air, and elevated in the borders of Syria, they found. Then an hundred chiefs of his courtiers he appointed, that they might bring masters and skilful persons from every country and kingdom. Also the Monarchs of Ind and Greece, and the Sovereigns of Ormuz, &c. he commanded, that of gold and silver, and pearl, and precious stones, whatever in their countries was found, they should send. At length he began on the structure. A brick of red gold, and a brick of white silver, they layed alternately, and in the joinings and divisions of them fixed pearls and precious stones. They say, daily, forty kittar of camels, fully laden with gold and silver, and pearls, and precious stones, were made use of.

They erected a country palace, containing a thousand courts, and the walls and roofs all of gold and silver bricks, and round them two thousand rooms and one thousand vestibules were. Also all the walls they set with pearls, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and other gems. Before each room, having set up trees of gold and silver, they made the leaves of amethysts. In the place of fruit, clusters of pearls having hung; and on the ground, like sand, musk, amber, and saffron having strewed; between two trees of silver and gold they planted a fruit-tree, that to amuse, and this to be eaten. In short, after five hundred years, it arrived at it's completion. This they styled the Rose-Garden of Irim, and informed the infidel-minded Shuddaud of it's completion. Shuddaud, in the utmost pomp and splendor, with his attendants and forces, marched from his capital, with desire to view it. When he arrived near it, he detached two hundred thousand youthful slaves, whom he had brought with him from Damascus, in four divisions, and stationed them on four spaces, which they had prepared without the garden.

He himself, with his courtiers, mounted, proceeded towards the garden. As he was intending to gallop his horse, some one uttered a great cry, so that Shuddaud trembled within himself. When he looked up, he beheld a person of great fierceness and majestic figure, and said, 'Who art thou?'

'I am,' answered he, 'the angel of death, and am come that I may seise thy impure soul!'

Shuddaud exclaimed, 'So much leisure give me that I may enter my paradise.'

The angel of death replied, 'It is not my order.'

Shuddaud, from fear of him, endeavoured that he might descend from his horse. One foot was in the stirrup, the other he attempted to place on the ground; when the seiser of souls took away the unclean spirit of that guilty wretch, and he fell dead on the earth. Lightnings came forth; which having burned the slaves, with whatever was upon the plain, reduced them to dust; and that Rose Garden became hidden from the sight of man.

ELOISE DE ST. CLAIR.

A TALE.

IN a beautiful retreat about seventy miles from Paris lived Madame Lambert. Left a widow at an early age with five lovely children, this affectionate mother dedicated all her time to the culture and improvement of their infant minds. Four daughters and a son claimed her maternal care, and to these was added the adopted child of her affection, the young Eloise de St. Clair, who was in every sense of the word a portionless orphan: ere her infant eyes had opened to the light of day, death had closed those of her mother for ever, whilst her only surviving parent, wearied by a long succession of persecutions and miseries, lived but to press his orphan babe to his bursting heart. The blow was struck, and he expired, bequeathing the deserted Eloise to the care of Madame Lambert.

Endowed with the most acute sensibility, and possessing a heart open to the tender ties of love and gratitude, Eloise idolised her benevolent protectress. She had been received among the young Lamberts as a sister, and so much attached were this happy family to each other, that no jars or disputes were ever heard among them. Enjoying all the comforts of society in her own children, Madame Lambert sought not for them abroad; the only company she saw was a lady and her children, who lived near them, and with whom she had been for some time on intimate terms. Their domestic tranquillity, however, was doomed to be disturbed. Their ears were daily annoyed by recitals of the cruelties practised by the tyrant Robespierre on their unhappy countrymen. The gentle bosom of Madame Lambert was shocked at the idea of their sufferings, and, though innocent of any crime, both she and her friend began to fear that their quiet retreat would not remain unmolested. On the day on which Eloise had completed her sixteenth year, Madame Lambert, according to her usual custom, gave a little festival to her children. All was mirth and happiness; the delighted group were sporting on the verdant lawn before the house, amusing themselves with the innocent sports of youth. The merry flute was heard, and the light-fingered Eloise gracefully sounded the tambarine, whilst her sylph-like companions formed in fairy wings, and with a light step, tripped round the heroine of the day. The kind protectress of Eloise was surveying with delight the blooming graces of her offspring, when the sound of wheels disturbed their merriment. Amazement sat on every face, as a carriage drove up the lawn; but who can picture the horror and surprise of this late happy party, when four ruffian-like men springing out of the carriage, seised on the person of Madame Lambert, and commanded her to go with them immediately. Vainly did she expostulate with them, vainly did she beg to know what was the crime which was alleged against her; the warrant was shown, and she was ordered to prepare for departure. The short, fleeting moments of pleasure, rendered much more bitter the sad reverse. With a fortitude beyond what she thought herself able to assume did Ma-

dame Lambert press her weeping children to her bosom; a consciousness of innocence supported her under this affliction, and with fervent zeal she blessed and recommended them to the protection of that God who avengeth the innocent, and is the sure punisher of guilt. Gertrude, her eldest born, with streaming eyes, entreated leave to accompany her mother; but a surly negative dispelled her hopes, and wretched and terrified she sunk into the arms of the weeping Eloise, who stood beside her. At last, torn by the ruffian guards from the arms of her frantic children, Madame Lambert sprang into the carriage, and, as it drove off, she strained her eyes to take a last look at all she held dear on earth, till, suffocated with emotion, she fell on the seat of the vehicle. Clinging to each other, and praying for the safe return of their beloved mother, were these children of misfortune found by the benevolent Madame Clairon, who came instantly to them on receiving the sad intelligence. She joined her tears with theirs, and tried to sooth them into composure. With aching hearts they retired to bed, where, wearied with sorrow, sleep came to lighten the cares of innocence. Sweetly slumbered the offspring of Madame Lambert — not so did her adopted daughter.

Ere the sun had risen, they were assembled in the breakfast-room, and a fresh burst of grief echoed through the apartment at the sight of the vacant chair of their mother. They kneeled round Madame Clairon, and with their hands clasped together, and their innocent eyes lifted to heaven, they implored the Giver of all good to restore her quickly to them.

When they arose from their devotions, they first missed Eloise — she had not been among them, she had not joined in their prayers. Rosalie, who had been the most favorite friend of Eloise, flew with a beating heart to her chamber. Henrietta, the third daughter, sought her in the garden — but she was not to be found. After a long search, however, a piece of paper was found in her drawer, on which were these words — 'God bless and preserve you, my sisters: I am going to sooth the sorrows of our mother; I am going to pay a part of the debt of gratitude which I owe her. Adieu.'

The loss of Eloise only renewed the sorrow of these affectionate sisters. Servants were sent out to overtake the fugitive: but she was gone too far, and they were forced to return without her. Sadly passed the day, and, when night came, it brought no repose. The idea of what might be the sufferings of their mother and of their adopted sister, who was now more dear to them than ever, drove sleep from their eye-lids.

Whilst they were indulging useless sorrow, Eloise was pursuing her way to Paris; she was obliged frequently to stop to inquire her road, whilst those she asked would sometimes answer her kindly, others, with an insulting gaze, would ask what so pretty a girl did there? Slowly she traveled through the day, and, when night threw her dusky mantle over the face of nature, she was obliged to implore shelter of a cottager's wife, who kindly gave her food and lodging. The second day, with aching feet and a sorrowing heart,

she proceeded on her journey. Overcome with heat and fatigue (for it was in the middle of a very sultry autumn), she was obliged to sit down on a shady bank by the road side, when a peasant coming by with his cart, and compassionating her distressed situation, conveyed her as far as the next market-town. When she arrived there, he left her, without money, without friends. How was the lovely wanderer to get shelter for the night? Where could she seek for sustenance? With a cheek glowing with the blush of humiliation, Eloise in a broken voice requested charity. She only asked for admittance into any place where she might be sheltered from the dews of night. It was refused. Nothing but the language of inhumanity and libertinism wounded her delicate ear, and the harassed girl, with a tottering step, left the mansion of inhospitality. Perceiving a barn at some little distance from the town, she with difficulty reached it, and throwing herself on a heap of straw which lay in a corner, endeavoured to repose her aching limbs. Sleep she could not; fatigue had driven that balm to the afflicted from her eyes. She had still some food left, which had been given her by the hospitable cottager's wife; and at dawn of day she arose from her hard pallet, and having eat her humble meal, she continued her journey. In the dusk of evening she reached Paris, and having learned where Madame Lambert was confined, she flew to the prison, and with streaming eyes implored admittance. It was denied — on pain of death the guards dared not admit her; but used as they were to scenes of affliction, they could not behold the situation of the weeping girl without pity. Madame Lambert was accused of disaffection to the tyrant, and she was not allowed to see any of her friends.

With an almost-broken heart Eloise left the prison, and, throwing herself on the first step she could find, gave vent to the emotions of her grief. She had wept for some time in silence, unheeded by the passers by, when a loud noise around her, with repeated acclamations of 'The Tyrant is coming! he will pass this way.' Eloise lifted her head from her hands; a sudden thought flashed across her mind; it was the work of a moment to spring forwards, to burst through the guards, and to fall at the feet of Robespierre! He stopped. Such a supplicant could not pass unheeded. Beautiful in sorrow, the lovely girl had only to be seen to be admired; the exquisite symmetry of her figure, her agony of grief, only served to excite desires in the bosom of the Tyrant which were not to be repelled. He ordered the fainting girl to be raised from the ground, and to be taken care of, that he might be able to know the cause of her distress. The compassionate mistress of the house to which Eloise was taken, endeavoured to pour the balm of comfort into her wounded soul; but what an agony of suspense did she not endure, till she was summoned before the despot. With greedy eyes he surveyed the beauteous child of sorrow, as, supported by the guards, she entered and kneeled before him. In the bewitching language of simplicity she told her tale of woe, she besought his compassion for her mother, her sisters, and herself. It was granted; but the soul of

Eloise shrunk with virtuous indignation from the conditions on which she was to receive the release of her protectress. Fired by her instantaneous refusal, the Tyrant proceeded to give orders for the immediate execution of Madame Lambert; he represented to the horror-struck Eloise the tortures her mother would endure when expiring on the rack, till the feelings of the agonised girl, harrowed up by the horrid recital, could bear no more; Eloise consented. To obtain the liberty of her protectress, she sold herself to the voluptuary. The frantic Eloise then flew once more to the prison; she showed her passport, and was no longer refused admittance. She was conducted to the chamber of Madame Lambert, who was surrounded by her despairing children, for the next day had been appointed for her execution. Eloise entered! with a shriek of joy they sprang towards her. No sensation of pleasure animated her bosom, she was indeed dead to every sense of feeling but that of despair. With a vacant eye she surveyed the weeping girls who clung around her, as she presented the dear-bought release to Madame Lambert—she tried to speak, but the effort was vain—the cold hand of death lay heavily on her, and with a convulsive groan she sunk on the floor. Supported on the affectionate bosom of Gertrude, every method was used to restore her, but the thread of life was broken. The unfortunate victim of affection breathed no more! no returning life animated her cold form, no fluttering sigh escaped her pallid lip: her martyred spirit had fled to realms of everlasting bliss. The joy which the safety of Madame Lambert would have caused was almost stifled in sorrow at this sad event: mourning they left the prison, bearing with them the corpse of their lamented Eloise. Her remains were interred at Château Roseville, the seat of Madame Lambert, who, with her family, being unable to bear the sight of a place which brought so many sad events to their remembrance, sold it, and retired to Italy, where, with her children, she passed the rest of her days in retirement. A beautiful monument was erected to the memory of their mother's preserver, and a sun never rose that did not see it visited by the affectionate and grateful family of Madame Lambert,

F. I.

Exeter.

THE SHIPWRECK.

[*From a Novel lately published, entitled,* The Ill-fated Mariner; or, Richard the Runaway, by Mrs. Pilkington *.]

HAVING laid in a fresh stock of provisions, such as pigs and poultry, with which he had been liberally supplied by Lieutenant Elliott, Captain Brownlow quitted the Straights of Gibraltar, yet by no means under a very auspicious omen; for, though the wind was perfectly fair when the Speedwell left the harbour, it shifted directly

* Our readers will find an original Tale, communicated by this ingenious lady at page 441, of our present number. In our next, we shall begin a new Novel, entitled BENEDICT, by the same writer.

3 M 2

opposite before she had cleared the Straits. The first mate, who had been at sea from childhood, advised the captain to tack about, prognosticating, with great justice, an approaching storm. The captain, either not choosing to be directed by an inferior officer, or not having a high opinion of his judgement, declared, that so far from the storm approaching them, the clouds drove a contrary way; 'and if every cap-full of wind is to detain us,' he added, 'we shall lose the best of the market.'

The word of a commander on board a ship is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians; the mate, therefore, did not make use of remonstrance, but set about his duty with the utmost alacrity, very judiciously preparing for the difficulties he was destined to encounter. The clouds, which had long been gathering, soon burst over the vessel; the varying winds seemed as if they were attracted into a point, and that the Speedwell was the focus which allured them; for it was scarcely possible to determine which predominated.

Though the captain did not choose to acknowlege his error, yet it was evident that he considered the mate's judgement superior to his own; for he ordered every sailor on board the vessel implicitly to obey Mr. Fowler's commands. The main and mizen-masts were lowered; every part of the rigging tightened, and each man ordered to his separate post; but, alas! human precaution avails little, when put in competition with the warring elements.

The ship was one minute elevated to the height of a mountain, then as suddenly descended into the briny deep: each man was obliged to be lashed to the post allotted him, to prevent him from being washed away by the waves. The cracking of the beams, and the whirling sound produced by the canvas, struck terror upon the affrighted Richard's mind, who, at the commencement of the storm, had slunk into his hammock, overpowered with a death-like sickness.—There he lay without a friend to solace him, the companion of his own penitential reflections; all the tenderness he had received from his mother then rushed upon his recollection, and he repeatedly exclaimed, 'Lord be merciful to me, an undutiful, an ungrateful wretch!' Instead of wishing for the society of Gennings to console him, he felt happy that the ship's duty prevented him from approaching his birth; for he then considered him as the source of all his troubles, and the being who had banished every virtuous impression from his heart.

When he heard the sailors chopping away the masts to save the vessel from upsetting, he thought it was dashing to pieces upon a rock, and committing his trembling soul to the mercy of his Creator, terror threw his body into a swoon. How long he remained in this situation is uncertain; but he was roused to recollection by the captain's voice, calling upon his name in a tone of authority, and demanding why he lay hulking in his nest, when he might be of some use? With scarce sufficient strength to crawl, he descended from his hammock; the terrific voice of the captain again assailed his ears, exclaiming, 'Where is that lazy dog,

Rivington? rouse him immediately, and set him to the pump!'

During the time the unfortunate boy had remained in a state of insensibility, the ship had struck upon a rock, and the water rushed with such impetuosity, that there was two feet and a half in the hold; and most hands were employed in endeavouring to stop the aperture, which induced the captain to demand Richard's assistance at the pump. A darkness the most impenetrable overspread the horizon, which in the course of half an hour was illuminated by vivid flashes of lightning, that served to make their situation appear the more horrible, for the retiring waves presented both shoals and precipices, which were almost instantaneously covered by the waves which broke over them in their returning course.

All was noise, terror, and confusion; for the sailors, aware that the captain's obstinacy had brought them into this perilous situation, paid not the slightest attention to his commands; though this total want of subordination had, in some measure, been occasioned by their having had free ingress into the steward's apartment, where they had swallowed such a large quantity of liquor, that they were unfit to perform their allotted tasks.

It was in vain that Mr. Fowler (which was the name of the officer who had advised the captain not to quit the Straits) implored them to act like men and Christians, and endeavour to preserve the vessel from the fury of the waves; for they declared, that as Brownlow, as they termed him, had madly endangered their existence, they would not make the slightest effort to preserve his life, and thus, from the mad principle of revenge, inspired by the aid of liquor, they hastened the dreadful catastrophe, which might probably have been avoided. Rivington, Gennings, the boatswain, and two lads who had never been at sea before, were the only persons who aided the captain and mate in their exertions to save the ship; for the sailors were so completely intoxicated, that after they had vented their imprecations against their commander, they lay rolling about like pigs, and two had been washed overboard by the violence of the surge.

As daylight appeared, they found their situation, if possible, more dreadful than they had apprehended; for danger presented itself on every side; they were perfectly out of their latitude, and one of the sailors, in a fit of phrenzy, had thrown all the captain's mathematical instruments into the sea, declaring they could not be of any use to a blockhead, who would quit a safe birth in the very teeth of an approaching storm. As the vessel had for some time defied the power of direction, it was thought prudent to lighten her of all her heavy stores, and to let her ride upon the billows, conceiving that the only means of preventing her from driving upon the rocks.

This measure was accordingly adopted; but Rivington's cargo yet escaped, or at least that part of it which contained tinsel, beads, pocket looking-glasses, and knives; articles which the Africans are very fond of, and for which they will exchange gold-dust to ten times the value of each. He had likewise purchased a chest of saws, hatchets, and a variety of mechanical instruments,

which are also held in high estimation by the African chiefs; but these, as being very weighty, were, with the greater part of the cargo, thrown overboard. About three o'clock in the afternoon the storm visibly abated, and as the sailors had in great measure slept off the effect of the liquor, they returned to a sense of their duty; apologised to their captain for their improper behaviour, implored Heaven to pardon their past sins, resolving not to touch another drop of liquor, but to use their utmost exertions to preserve the ship. Richard, who was completely exhausted by bodily labor, readily resigned his post at the pump to a man named Frank Bowling, and again retiring to his hammock, expected every moment would be his last; for though the violence of the storm was abated, the ship rode at the mercy of the waves. As night approached, the winds again collected; the surge mounted to an increased height, and every sailor upon deck was obliged to be lashed to his station, to prevent him from being washed overboard.

What a night was this for the wretched Runaway! the oldest seamen declared they had never passed such a one before. Some were on the knees, imploring pardon for their transgressions, whilst others were so terrified they were unable to utter a prayer.—Near six-and-thirty hours had elapsed, since the captain or Mr. Fowler had taken any nourishment, except a small piece of biscuit and a little grog; but about six o'clock in the morning the latter felt himself completely exhausted, and proposed having the kettle put on, for the purpose of refreshing themselves with tea and some slices of cold beef: to this proposal the captain acceded, but the ship rolled with so much violence, they could neither make use of cups nor saucers; and having thrown a handful of tea into the tea-kettle, they alternately drank a portion of it out of a little black jack: this beverage having refreshed the captain, he seemed suddenly to recollect the helpless being who had placed himself under his protection; and vociferating the name of Rivington, poor Richard made his appearance more dead than alive.

'This, perhaps, is the last meal we shall ever swallow together, young gentleman,' said he, giving Richard the black jack, and a piece of cold beef; 'and God forgive me for having taken you on board my ship; for instead of so doing, I ought to have taken you to your poor mother, who, perhaps, may be pining with grief for your loss.'

Richard, who had passed the whole night in deploring his undutiful conduct, at the sound of his mother's name burst into a flood of tears. 'Who knows,' replied he, 'but this storm is a judgement of Heaven for my undutiful conduct!'

'If I thought so,' rejoined the captain, addressing him to Mr. Fowler, 'I would treat him as the sailors of the * Tarshish vessel did

* Jonah, chap. i. The prophet Jonah having been commanded by the Almighty to go to Nineveh to instruct the inhabitants of that city, disobeyed the mandate, and took his passage in a ship bound for Tarshish; but the vessel had not proceeded far, when it was overtaken by a dreadful tempest, which threatened destruction to all on board. Jonah, persuaded this judgement had come upon them for his disobedience,

Jonah; for perhaps, as he says, this dreadful tempest has befallen us, on account of his undutiful conduct to his poor mother.' 'No, no, (rejoined the mate) 'we will not endeavour to preserve our own existence by robbing a fellow-creature of his; but I must say, captain, you were very blameable to take that young chap aboard, if you knew, (as I fear you did,) he was, what I call, a Runaway.'

Scarcely had Mr. Fowler made this observation, when the vessel received such a violent shock, that he was driven from the spot where he was standing to the farther side of the cabin; and Crack! crack! crack! reverberated from all the lower parts of the ship.—'She sinks! she sinks!' exclaimed a variety of voices;—but scarce had the sound expired upon their lips, when a violent swell of sea expanded their bottom, and buried every soul in a fathomless abyss!!!

That the Speedwell had struck upon a rock my young readers will naturally imagine, and conclude that the hero of my narrative and all his failings were for ever buried in the deep; but that great Being, who had preserved his life in a providential manner upon the river, in a still more miraculous one, snatched him from the engulphing waves!—By the sudden dash upon the rock the port-holes were forced open, and through the apertures Mr. Fowler, the boatswain's boy, and Richard, were forced into the sea; the former of whom was an excellent swimmer, and catching the latter by the skirts of his jacket, supported him upon the surface of the waves; for though he could swim, he had been stunned by a blow against the hatchway, and was totally insensible.

Though daylight was scarcely clear, yet land was perceptible within the distance of a quarter of a mile; and though the retiring waves threw the mate, and the burthen which retarded his progress, several times back from it, yet, after much labor and exertion, they reached the wished-for goal, and found the boatswain's boy embracing the earth with ecstasy, and returning thanks for his deliverance to a protecting God.

Mr. Fowler's heart was not less grateful; but observing the being he had preserved remained insensible, his first attention was devoted to his recovery, and his exertions were happily crowned with success; for though he had no cordials to administer to him, he fortunately had a lancet in his breeches' pocket, and having learned the art of phlebotomy, he opened a vein in the arm, and in the space of five minutes had the happiness of seeing the object of his solicitude open his eyes.—'Where am I? Where is my mother?' inquired the resuscitated Richard, in a feeble tone of voice; as soon as the organ of speech was restored to him, he gazed upon his surviving companions with a vacant stare.

'Heaven only knows where we are,' replied the friendly mate to his interrogations; 'but that we are miraculously preserved is a certainty; so let us return thanks to that great Power, who has so mercifully delivered us from the jaws of death and the devouring waves!'—So saying, he fell upon

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implored the mariners to cast him into the sea, when immediately the waves became calm, and the wind abated.

his knees, and in the most fervent accents returned thanks to the Almighty for his miraculous escape, in which he was joined by the boy and Richard, though the latter felt himself too much exhausted to rise.

Having performed this act of gratitude and devotion, Mr. Fowler left the exhausted Richard to the care of the boatswain's boy; and as a distant part of the little island to which they had escaped appeared to be elevated, he resolved to ascend it, for the purpose of endeavouring to discover where they were. Every step that carried him beyond the sight of his forlorn companions seemed to increase the emotion of fear, for he was no stranger to the barbarous customs which prevailed in those islands, and he was in momentary expectation of either losing his liberty or life. He had in his waistcoat pockets, however, a brace of very small pistols, with a small quantity of powder in a horn, not larger than a snuff-box, which, though every part of his clothing was dripping, fortunately remained perfectly dry. The sea-water which he had unwillingly swallowed when first plunged into the briny element, united to the fatigue he had gone through, excited the most excessive thirst, and he eagerly explored every nook and crevice, in the hope of finding a spring to allay his drought. He proceeded near half a mile over a kind of barren common, totally uncultivated, and presenting a dreary view; when, ascending that eminence which attracted his attention, he perceived a most gratifying prospect on the other side; for, to a man parching with thirst, and exhausted by exertion, what could be more delightful than to behold the most delicious melons growing wild. He descended with inconceivable rapidity, seised the golden harvest, and found his strength revived; then taking an eager survey of the surrounding country, he endeavoured to discover on what part of the world he had been so miraculously thrown.

The rain continued to fall; the wind still blew with violence; and there was a thickness in the atmosphere which prevented his from clearly discerning distant objects, yet he evidently distinguished a range of mountains, some leagues distant from him, but knew not whether they were the Sierra Leona, Mount Atlas, or the Mountain of the Moon: as he had no polar star to guide him, and was upon a spot wholly unknown, he concluded he was upon one of those islands which the African pirates frequent for the purpose of taking in fresh water, when in pursuit of their prizes. That it was not inhabited was evident, as he explored it for near three hours without discovering the slightest marks of population; but upon returning to his companions, he made a slight circuit, and as he approached the shore, discovered a kind of cave, which labor had evidently hollowed, and which the sea, at high tide, approached within the distance of a few yards. With a heart palpitating between fear and pleasure he slowly entered the solitary abode, blessing Heaven for conducting him to a habitation which might shield him from the inclemency of the weather, yet dreading lest some of the pirates, who evidently took shelter in it, should rob him of that liberty which was dear to him as life.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Dresses

Having slightly surveyed the premises, he resolved not to penetrate to the end of this subteraneous mansion without his companions' aid; and, laden with five or six beautiful melons, he hastened to the spot where he had left the two boys. Richard embraced his friend and preserver with tears of joy; and the boatswain's boy (whose name was Mason) met him likewise with open arms, as from the length of his absence these poor fellows had imagined the protector they looked up to, had been devoured by wild beasts, or that the savage race whom Mason had been informed infested that country, had either made him captive, or destroyed his existence.

Never did the rising moon present an object more pleasing to the sight of a benighted traveler, than were the view of these melons to the eyes of these poor parched boys, whose thirst was so excessive that they had been obliged to masticate the grass, and though the flavor was extremely unpleasant, yet a small quantity of juice was pressed out of it, which moistened their dry mouths. Having regaled themselves with this delicious fruit,w hich in that part of the universe acquires a greater degree of perfection than an English palate can conceive, they found their strength and spirits renovated, and readily followed Mr. Fowler into the cave.

London Fashionable Dresses.

1. A SHORT train dress of jacanot cambric or muslin; over the dress a short pelisse made of rich shot sarcenet, trimmed round the bottom with a broad white lace; the sleeves short and slashed, high collar, edged with a shell lace; bonnet to match, ornamented with a long ostrich feather; purple velvet shoes, and York tan gloves.

2. A short dress frock, made of fine spotted muslin, over a slip of white sarcenet, trimmed round the throat and bosom with a rich embossed ribbon, the sleeves gathered into a band of the same, and edged with a shell lace. Head-dress, *à la Grec*, ornamented with gold bands. White gloves and shoes.

STATISTICAL VIEW OF IRELAND.

[*From Sir Jonah Barrington's* Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland.]

THE position of Ireland upon the face of the globe peculiarly formed her for universal intercourse, and adapted her in every respect for legislative independence. Separated by a great sea from England, the Irish people, dissimilar in customs, at least equal in talent, and vastly superior in energy, possess an island near nine hundred miles in circumference, with a climate for the uniform mildness of temperature and moderation of seasons unequaled in the universe. The parching heats, or piercing colds, the deep snows, the torrent, and the hurricane, which other countries so fatally experience, are here unknown. Though her great exposure to the spray of the Atlantic increases the humidity of

the atmosphere, it only adds to the fecundity of the soil, and distinguishes her fertile fields by the production of an almost perpetual vegetation.

The geographical situation of Ireland is not less favorable to commerce, than her climate is to agriculture. Her position on the western extremity of Europe, would enable her to intercept the trade of the new world from all other nations: the merchandise of London, of Bristol, and of Liverpool, must skirt her shores before it arrives at it's own distination; and some of the finest harbours in the world invite the inhabitants of this gifted island to accept the trade of India, and form the emporium of Europe.

The internal and natural advantages of Ireland are great and inexhaustible. Rich mines are found in almost every quarter of the island; gold is discovered in the beds of streams, and washed from the sands of rivulets; the mountains are generally arable to their summits; the valleys exceed in fertility the most prolific soils of England; the rivulets which flow along the declivities adapt the country most peculiarly to the improvement of irrigation; and the bogs and morasses of Ireland, utterly unlike the fens and marshes of England, emit no damp or noxious exhalations, and give a plentiful and cheering fuel to the surrounding peasantry; or, when reclaimed, become the most luxuriant pastures.

The population of Ireland is great and progressive. Above five millions of a brave and hardy race of men are seen scattered through the fields, or swarming in the villages; a vast redundancy of grain, and innumerable flocks and herds, should furnish to them not only the source of trade, but every means of comfort.

Dublin, the second city in the British empire, though it yields in extent, yields not in architectural beauty to the metropolis of England. For some years previous to the Union, it's progress was excessive: the locality of the parliament, the residence of the nobility and commons, the magnificence of the viceregal court, the active hospitality of the people, and the increasing commerce of the port, all together gave a brilliant prosperity to that splendid and luxurious capital.

Ireland* thus possessing the strongest features of a powerful state, though laboring under every disadvantage which a restricted commerce and a jealous ally could inflict upon her prosperity, might still have regarded with contempt the comparatively unequal resources and inferior powers of half

* The relative size of Ireland, compared to England and Wales, is about 18 to 30. It contains about eighteen millions of acres, is about 285 miles long, above 160 broad; has four provinces, 32 counties, 260 baronies, 2293 parishes, 3520 annual fairs; upwards of five millions of inhabitants, about four millions of whom are Roman Catholics. Ireland furnishes more than one hundred thousand soldiers and sailors to the English fleet and army, and retains at home above one million of hardy men, from 17 to 47 years of age, fit to bear arms. It's annual *ordinary* revenue is upwards of five millions and a half sterling, being above 130 millions of French livres, and much more than the ordinary revenues of most nations in Europe. It pays four millions and a half sterling annually towards the army of the empire, being 108 millions of French livres, and transmits annually four millions sterling to England to pay the interest of her debt, and the rents and pensions of absentees and emigrants.

the monarchies of Europe. Her insular situation, her great fertility, the character of her people, the amount of her revenues, and the extent of her population, gave her a decided superiority over other nations; and rendered her crown, if accompanied by her affections, not only a brilliant, but a most substantial ornament to the British empire.

ANOTHER LETTER RELATIVE TO THE MERMAID OF CAITHNESS.

IN our last, p. 411, we gave two Letters, containing an account of a Mermaid, said to have been lately seen on the coast of Caithness in Scotland: the following has since been published in the Glasgow Courier.

TO THE EDITOR.

'SIR,

'The letters from Caithness respecting the Mermaid, which have lately appeared in the public prints, having excited considerable attention, the Glasgow Philosophical Society, by their Secretary, wrote to the Rev. Mr. Mackay, Minister of Reay, to ascertain the authenticity of these documents. The following polite answer was, in due course, received by the society.—I am, &c,

'JAMES WATT, Pres.

'Society's Hall,
Oct. 15, 1809.

'SIR,

'In terms of your and the Philosophical Society's request, I have to inform you, that my daughter wrote a letter to Mrs. Innes, Dowager of Sandside, concerning the strange phenomenon seen near this place, merely for private information, but without the smallest suspicion of any other use to be made of it. But having excited Sir John Sinclair's curiosity, he obtained a copy of this letter, and it seems that by one of his friends it found it's way to the English newspapers. Though I never saw the letter, either originally, or in the papers, I have good reason to suppose that it is a genuine document.

'With regard to the animal's timidity, I have only to say, that two servant maids and a boy being at the time down among the rocks, it was the cries of the boy that made it first disappear. It soon re-appeared farther out in the sea, and ultimately disappeared, after having taken it's course a considerable way along the shore, the spectators following, and walked on until they lost hope of it's coming up again. The schoolmaster of Thurso's letter is also genuine; and he is a gentleman whose veracity is not called in question.

'I am, respectfully,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient

'humble Servant,

'DAVID MACKAY.

'Reay, Oct. 3, 1809.

'James Boag, Esq. Sec. Phil. So.
High-Street, Glasgow.'

POETICAL ESSAYS.

THE BUTTERFLY's BIRTH-DAY,

By the Author of the "Butterfly's Ball."

THE shades of night were scarcely fled;
The air was mild, the winds were still;
And slow the slanting sun-beams spread
O'er wood and lawn, o'er heath and hill.

From fleecy clouds of pearly hue
Had dropt a short but balmy shower,
That hung like gems of morning dew,
On every tree, and every flower.

And from the Blackbird's mellow throat
Was pour'd so loud and long a swell,
As echoed with responsive note
From mountain side, and shadowy dell.

When bursting forth to life and light,
The offspring of enraptur'd May,
The BUTTERFLY, on pinions bright,
Launch'd in full splendor on the day.

Unconscious of a mother's care,
No infant wretchedness she knew;
But as she felt the vernal air,
At once to full perfection grew.

Her slender form, ethereal light,
Her velvet-textur'd wings enfold;
With all the rainbow's colors bright,
And dropt with spots of burnish'd gold.

Trembling with joy awhile she stood,
And felt the sun's enlivening ray;
Drank from the skies the vital flood,
And wonder'd at her plumage gay;

And balanc'd oft her broider'd wings,
Thro' fields of air prepar'd to sail;
Then on her vent'rous journey springs,
And floats along the rising gale.

Go, child of pleasure, range the fields,
Taste all the joys that spring can give,
Partake what bounteous summer yields,
And live, whilst yet 'tis thine to live.

Go sip the rose's fragrant dew,
The lily's honied cup explore,
From flower to flower the search renew,
And rifle all the woodbine's store:

And let me trace thy vagrant flight,
Thy moments too of short repose,
And mark thee then with fresh delight
The golden pinions ope and close;

But hark! whilst thus I musing stand,
Pours on the gale an airy note;
And, breathing from a viewless hand,
Soft silvery tones around me float!

—They cease — but still a voice I hear,
A whisper'd voice of hope and joy,
'Thy hour of rest approaches near,
Prepare thee, mortal! Thou must die!

'Yet start not; — on thy closing eyes
Another day shall still unfold,
A sun of milder radiance rise,
A happier age of joys untold.

'Shall the poor worm that shocks thy sight,
The humblest form in nature's train,
Thus rise in new born lustre bright,
And yet the emblem teach in vain?

'Ah, where were once her golden eyes,
Her glittering wings of purple pride?
Conceal'd beneath a rude disguise,
A shapeless mass to earth allied.

'Like thee the hapless reptile liv'd,
Like thee he toil'd, like thee he spun,
Like thine his closing hour arriv'd,
His labor ceas'd, his web was done.

'And shalt thou, number'd with the dead,
No happier state of being know?
And shalt no future morrow shed
On thee a gleam of brighter glow?

'Is this the bound of power divine,
To animate an insect frame?
Or shall not he who moulded thine
Wake at his will the vital flame?

'—Go, mortal! in thy reptile state,
Enough to know to thee is given;
Go, and the joyful truth relate;
Frail child of earth! high heir of heaven!'

THE BUTTERFLY's FUNERAL.

BY THE SAME.

Oh! ye, who so lately were blythsome and gay,
At the Butterfly's banquet carousing away,
Your feats and your revels of pleasure are fled,
For the soul of the banquet, the Butterfly's dead!

No longer the Flies and the Emmets advance,
To join with their friends in the Grasshopper's dance—
For see, his thin form o'er the favorite bend,
And the Grasshopper mourns for the loss of his friend!

And hark to the funeral dirge of the Bee,
And the Beetle who follows as mournful as he!
And see, where so mournful the green rushes wave,
The Mole is preparing the Butterfly's grave!

The Dormouse attended, but cold and forlorn,
And the Gnat slowly winded his shrill little horn—
And the Moth who was griev'd for the loss of a sister,
Bent over the body, and silently kissed her.

The corse was embalmed at the set of the sun,
And inclos'd in a case which the silk-worm had spun;
By the help of the hornet, the coffin was laid,
On a bier, out of myrtle and jessamine made.

In weepers and scarfs came the Butterflies all,
And six of their number supported the pall;
And the Spider came there, in his mourning so black,
But the fire of the Glow-worm soon frightened him back!

The Grub left his nut-shell to join the sad throng,
And slowly led with him the Book-worm along—
Who wept his poor neighbour's unfortunate doom,
And wrote these few lines to be plac'd on his tomb:—

THE EPITAPH.

'At this solemn spot, where the green rushes wave,
Here sadly we bent o'er the Butterfly's grave!
'Twas here we to beauty our obsequies paid,
And hallow'd the mound which her ashes had made!

'And here shall the daisy and violet blow,
And the lily discover her bosom of snow;
While under the leaf, in the ev'nings of spring,
Still mourning her friend, shall the Grasshopper sing!'

TO THE OWL.

(SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ROBERT BURNS.)

[*From Burns's Reliques, lately published.*]

SAD bird of night, what sorrow calls thee forth,
To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?
Is it some blast that gathers in the North,
Threat'ning to nip the verdure of thy bow'r?

Is it, sad Owl, that autumn strips the shade,
And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn?
Or fear that winter will thy nest invade?
Or friendless melancholy bid thee mourn?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feather'd train,
To tell thy sorrows to th' unheeding gloom;
No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
Grief all thy thought, and solitude thy home.

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
And pleas'd in sorrow listen to thy song;
Sing on, sad mourner! to the night complain,
While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
Sad, piteous tears in native sorrows fall?
Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break?
Less happy he who lists to pity's call?

Ah no, sad Owl! nor is thy voice less sweet,
That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there;
That spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou canst repeat;
That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair:
Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estranged, sad bird of night! from thee;
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie.—

From some old tow'r, thy melancholy dome,
While the grey walls and desert solitudes
Return each note, responsive to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods;

There hooting, I will list more pleas'd to thee,
Than ever lover to the nightingale;
Or drooping wretch, oppressed with misery,
Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

1.

'TIS Heaven's own azure claims thy sparkling eye,
The rich carnation tints thy glowing cheeks,
Thy lips have stolen the clove-pink's crimson dye,
Thy teeth are dew-drops when the morning breaks.

2.

Thy bosom mocks the lily's purest white,
Apollo's golden ringlets deck thy head,
Round thy fair form the Graces hover light,
And all the youthful loves rich odors shed.

3.

One bids the rosy garland bind thy brow,
Another smiles upon thy coral lips,
A third in ambush draws his murderous bow,
And from thy dimpled mouth ambrosia sips.

4.

Clito, each Muse has ta'en her separate
part,
And given thee each perfection of her
kind,
But meek-eyed Virtue forms thy youth-
ful heart,
And reason checks each passion of the
mind.

F. J.

LINES

ON READING 'ABELARD AND ELOISA.'

SWEET sorrowing victim of ill-fated
love,
What anguish did thy bleeding bosom
prove!
When urged by dire necessity's com-
mand,
When every beating pulse with love was
warm'd,
To bid thy Abelard a long farewell,
And hide thy beauties in a convent's
cell.
There, banished from the world and all
it's joys,
Love, not Religion, all thy hours em-
ploys.
Whilst struggling passions with incessant
strife,
Heap added mis'ries on thy woe-fraught
life.
Thy merits surer a milder fate deserv'd,
Though, once from Virtue's path thou
thoughtless swerv'd,
In Abelard each beauty was combin'd,
With every manly elegance of mind,
Cast in the fairest form of Nature's
store,
And deeply skill'd in philosophic lore.
To charms like these, what heart could
senseless prove,
Or how withstand his unexampled love.
Sweet Eloisa, then, thy faults no more
Shall with unfeeling scorn be counted
o'er;
But faithful lovers, bending o'er thy
tomb,
Shall mourn, with deep regret, thy
cruel doom;
There shall the spring her fairest flow'rs
bestow,
And never-fading shrubs around thee
grow.

S. A. K.

LINES

Supposed to be spoken by an unfortunate Lady, after taking poison, to her perjur'd Lover.

'TIS done! the dreadful conflict 's o'er!
Matilda soon shall be no more,
Here terminate her woes;
These eyes, no more by thee admir'd,
No more with wonted ardor fir'd,
Shall soon for ever close.

These cheeks, which once with roses vied,
Soon shall the cold grave's darkness
hide,
To worms a sad repast;
This heart, for ever truly thine,
Shall soon no more for thee repine,
The fatal die is cast.

Oh, Henry! 'tis for thee I 've died,
For thee, in vain, I 've strove to hide
What shame has long conceal'd;
Henry! for thee this world I 've left,
By thee of ev'ry joy bereft,
Thou, once my guardian shield.

No lukewarm passion knew my heart,
True love can only such impart,
And thou alone canst cure;
But soon thou 'rt false, thy vows are
vain,
Death shall alleviate my pain,
Reproach I 'll ne'er endure.

Farewell, false youth! once lov'd so
dear,
My fate is fix'd, my end is near,
Farewell! once more, she said;
Perhaps, when this short life is o'er,
Matilda's fate thou may 'st deplore,
And mourn an injur'd maid.

M———.

Banks of the Tees.

CONTENT.

A RIDDLE.

THERE is a certain lovely thing,
Of which the sage and hermit sing;
It makes a cell and private life
More sweet than courts, if join'd with strife;
It makes the sun appear more bright,
And gives a lustre to the night;
It's power is such, one single ray,
Will drive pain, care, and grief away!

E. H. B.

ADDRESS

Spoken by Mr. Kemble on the opening of the New Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden.

IN early Greece, and in a barb'rous age,
A wretched tumbrel was the actor's stage:
The Muse, with cheek reclin'd in pensive shame,
Blush'd for her wanderers from the path to Fame.
Æschylus sprang; and storm'd, as he arose,
His country's passions, like his country's foes,
Rough from the battle, train'd to vanquish men,
E'en as his sword he wielded, so his pen.
He smote the heart, the trembling sense oppress'd,
And gave no quarter to the human breast.

Yet, stage improvement mark'd the Soldier's sway,
And tinged with taste the captives to his lay.
Then, first, (the cart of Thespis overthrown)
Form'd by rude planks a Theatre was known:
Coped by the Heavens, it o'erspread the lawn,
And light on scenic dress appeared to dawn.
But, all divine, when Sophocles appear'd,
'Twas then the Drama's majesty was rear'd.
Builders and decorators came---their boast
Was who could grace the lofty Poet most.
The lofty Poet lack'd not brains to know
That Dramatists require the Drama's show.
Nature's perfection springs from various parts;
And '*Nature*'s *Mirror*' needs the Sister Arts.

Hence grew the splendor of the scene—and hence
The hand-maids that embellish eloquence:
Dance, music, painting, pageantry, parade,—
All that gave zest, or yield illusion aid.
Rome caught the spark from Greece, improv'd the plan:
At last the flame through modern Europe ran.
Our scene now decks, in an illumin'd age,
The Bards who first gave vigor to our stage:—
Thus Shakspeare's fire burns brighter than of yore;
And the Stage that boasts him burn no more!

From this our fabric, banish we to-night,
Figures worn threadbare, metaphors grown trite.
No Phœnix from her ashes shall arise,
Stale to our thoughts as sparrows to our eyes;
No naked truism be cloak'd anew,
To tell that fire which cheers consumes us too;
No,—let a Briton now to Britons speak;
His cause is strong, although his language weak.
We feel with glory, all to Britain due,
And British Artists rais'd this pile for you;
While, zealous as our patron, here we stand,
To guard the staple genius of our land.

Solid our building, heavy our expence;
We rest our claim on your munificence;
What ardor plans a nation's taste to raise,
A nation's liberality repays.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Semlin, August 8.

WE are informed that the English Minister, Mr. Adair, has addressed to the Rois Effendi several demands on the part of his Court, which have been communicated to an extraordinary Divan, in which the Grand Seignor has presided.

Silence is observed with respect to the nature of the propositions made by this Minister: but it is believed that they are supported by threats, which seem to have produced a great sensation, and which, it is said, are made to compromise the honor of the Ottoman Porte.

We are curious to learn what consequence this violent proceeding of the Court of London will have; but, it is beyond a doubt, that in these circumstances the Divan will be obliged to declare for, or against England.

Vienna, Sept. 13. The works undertaken by the French engineers at the village of Spitz, for the defence of Vienna, are not yet completely finished. They are also mounting on the bastions of the city large pieces of artillery. The Regency of Lower Austria has published that it's resources are inadequate to meet the requisitions and contributions of war, and that it is constrained to levy a personal tax upon the inhabitants of Vienna and the provinces. In consequence thereof, the Bishops, Prelates, and Abbots, are to pay 150 florins each, the Canons 50, the Deacons and Curates 10; all other Ecclesiastics 3, and the subaltern Monks 2. The Princes are to pay 500, the Barons 40, the Knights, Privy Counsellors, Vice-Presidents, Aulic Counsellors, Proprietors of grounds and buildings, wholesale Merchants, and Bankers, 15; Actual Counsellors, Agents of the Court, and other persons of that description, 12; &c. None will be excepted but Ministers from Foreign Courts, and their suite; subjects of the Ottoman Porte; infirm old men, who are in the hospitals; the Friars of the Order of Mercy, and those of St. Elizabeth, and children under twelve years of age.

The armistice is prolonged, though the period of it's duration has not been notified in daily orders to either army. It is, however, rumored, that the 30th of October is the day appointed for the renewal of hostilities; but the circumstance of fixing upon so distant a day, strengthens the pacific indications held out by the continuance of the negotiations at Altenburg.

The Austrian Emperor, in his last general Orders, averts to the prolongation of the armistice, his assent to which, he says, 'is to be attributed, not to a sense of feebleness, but to his affection for his subjects, and his anxiety to avert from them the calamities of war.' His Majesty, in this production, repeats the assurance with which the General Order of the 16th concludes.

Erlangen, Sept. 15. A person who has arrived here from the Grand Army, affirms, that a new armistice has been concluded for the period of one month, upon conditions, that should peace not

take place within that term, hostilities shall not recommence until a month after the expiration of the armistice.

Cologne, Sept. 20. We have accounts here that the armistice has been prolonged to the 5th of October. This agreement between the two Monarchs is said to have been the result of a letter in the Emperor of Austria's own hand to the Emperor Napoleon, and which was transmitted by Count Von Bubna.

Antwerp, Sept. 21. Several movements have already taken place among the troops. Gen. Klein, commanding the division of cavalry, goes with his Staff towards Brussels. The grand park has, this day, been moved off in the direction of Mechlen. Several regiments of the line are quartered at Merzen, a village on the road to Holland. General Chambarlnac transfers his head-quarters to Gehucht, two leagues from Antwerp, on the Ghent road.

The army of Antwerp will be divided into three bodies. That of the right wing will consist of the Dutch troops; that of the left wing will be under the command of the Senator Rampon; and that of the center under the command of the General of Division Reille, one of the Emperor's Aides-du-Camp. Our garrison will be composed of 1000 dismounted dragoons, 1000 veterans, and 1500 of the National Guard. General Vattelaax has arrived here.

We are assured that 200 gun-boats are to be conveyed from Boulogne, through the canals, into the Scheldt.

Riga, Sept. 21. The English transports, with the Russian prisoners taken on board Admiral Siniavin's fleet, where in sight of St. Petersburgh when the mail came off.

Stockholm, Sept. 23. His Majesty has found himself under the necessity of obtaining tranquillity and repose after a destructive war, which had exhausted all the resources of the State. The frontiers of the Kingdom are in future to be formed by Aland Haff, the Bothnian Gulph; and the rivers Torneo and Muonlo, to the confines of Norway.

The ratifications are to be exchanged in Petersburgh within the term of four weeks.

The King also binds himself by the treaty not to admit in future any English ships of war or merchant ships in the Swedish ports; yet his Majesty has reserved the importation of salt and colonial produce.

Austria, Sept. 24. They write from Bohemia that the recruiting is carried on without interruption, in order to complete the levy-en-masse, from which not even married men are exempt.

Salzburgh, Sept. 24. The Tyrolean insurgents have lately begun to form a corps of all descriptions of deserters, Austrians, Italians, &c. which consists already of some thousand men. They seem to have the intention of converting the whole of their country into a fortress for which purpose they not only fortify all the passes, but also bore holes in the rocks, and fill them with powder, that in case of an attack they may be able to hurl large masses of rock into the vallies.

Vienna, Sept. 27. On the 23d the Emperor reviewed four battalions that had come from Saxony, and belonging to several of the reigning Princes of Saxony.

By order of Government a number of French Eagles have been manufactured in the suburbs. Several waggon loads of them have already been brought into the city.

The Police Horse Guard of this capital is now modeled after the French Gendarmerie, and has received a new uniform.

All the camps in the environs are frequented by a number of visitors. The most superb is that of Erzendorf, near Schoenbrunn. It looks as if it were in the middle of a wood, from the numerous fir trees which the soldiers have planted about their huts.

The camp of the Wirtemberghers, between the villages of Waaring and Doebelling, is also deserving of notice. The inhabitants visit it in crowds, attracted by the delightful situation in which it is pitched, and the beautiful prospect which is seen from it. This corps is under the command of General Vandamme.

The following is the mode in which the literary censorship, established by the French Government, in Vienna, is exercised:—'His Excellency M. Bacher, Minister of Police, permits all printed works that are brought to him to be immediately put in circulation, except those upon political subjects, which must undergo a previous examination. All manuscript works sent to the press here must first be submitted to a Board of Revision, which reports thereon to the Minister of Police.'

Augsburgh, Sept. 27. We are still without any certain advices from the Tyrol.

The Chiefs of that unhappy country seem disposed no longer to permit any intercourse with the neighbouring States. It is reported that they have compelled all private individuals to lodge their grain in the public magazines, from which it is again distributed in small portions. This measure, which is a proof of great scarcity, cannot long protect the Tyrolese from the horrors of famine.

Advices from Saltzburgh confirm the rumored ill-success of the efforts made by the Tyrolese to excite to insurrection the mountaineers of that principality. The parties sent from the Tyrol into Pintzgaushe have returned without procuring any recruits in that district.

Vienna, Sept. 28. It continues to be rumored, that the negotiation will be concluded in this capital. Baron Meyer is said to be charged by his Sovereign with the settlement of the new frontiers. In the mean time fresh troops daily arrive here from Germany; and additions continue to be made to the fortifications which defend Leopolstadt, and the island on which it is situated. For this purpose several houses are pulling down; and the arm of the Danube which surrounds Leopolstadt is fortified with batteries and entrenchments.

Sept. 29. One of the principal obstacles to the progress of the negotiation related to the possession of Spalatro by the Austrians; but it appears that they have now assented to the total cession of Dalmatia.

It is reported that his Majesty intends to pass a few days at Esterhazy, in the county of Oedemburgh, where preparations have been made for a grand hunting party.

The news of the Russians having crossed the Danube at Galaez, received here a few days since, has occasioned a strong sensation in the Austrian Cabinet.

Hanover, Sept. 30. Portuguese troops are now marching in here; and on the 5th of next month we expect 300 of them, who are coming by way of Osnaburg. Their further destination is unknown.

Paris, Oct. 7. Letters from Vienna of the 28th and 29th ult. inform us, that Field-Marshal Prince John of Lichtenstein, Lieutenant Field-Marshal Count Bubna, and Baron Meyer, with Lieut.-Colonel Prince Weneslas of Lichtenstein, attended by a numerous suite, had arrived there from the Austrian head-quarters. M. Champagny had also returned from Altenburgh, and it was expected that Count Von Metternich would arrive on the 30th inst. in order that the chief obstacles to the conclusion of peace being already removed, the further negotiations should be proceeded in at Vienna. The value of paper had risen, and that of gold fallen, in consequence of this state of things.

On the 5th there was another meeting of the Senate, and the return of his Majesty the Emperor is shortly expected.

His Illustrious Highness the Prince Arch-Chancellor, pursuant to instructions from his majesty the emperor and king, repaired to the Senate on the 3d inst. to officiate at their meeting as president. Having been received with the accustomed ceremonies, and taken his seat, he addressed them as follows:—

'Messieurs, a message from his Majesty, which you will hear read, acquaints the senate with fresh proofs of the magnanimous bounty with which his majesty has been pleased to acknowlege important service.

'His Illustrious Highness the Prince of Neufchatel, Vice-Constable, is created Prince of Wagram. Marshal, the Duke of Auerstadt, is created Prince of Eckmuhl. Marshal, the Duke of Rivoli, is created Prince of Esslengin.

'To these hereditary titles are annexed considerable estates, which the emperor has purchased from the legion of honor.

'The appellations given to the new principalities forcibly impress upon our remembrance the victories and valor of the titulars, who have co-operated with the genius of his majesty.

'By means of this happy association, the reward which the emperor confers in honor of personal services, becomes, at the same time, a monument of national glory.

'The senate will feel no less gratification in receiving this communication, than I experience in making it, in conformity to the orders of his majest the emperor and king.'

Count Semonville, the Secretary, then read the emperor's message, which decribes the various domains respectively attached to the new titles. To the principality of Wagram is annexed the castle and estate of Chambord; to that of Eckmuhl, the castle of Bruhl; and to the prinipality of Esslingen, the castle of Thouars.

HOME NEWS.

Gainsborough, Sept. 27.

ON Tuesday morning early, the most tempestuous weather, it is believed, that ever was known in the latitude of the British Islands, was experienced at Gainsborough and in the neighbourhood. A hurricane, accompanied with hail and rain, prevailed for several hours, tearing up trees and breaking off branches, so as really to obstruct people in their way to Gainsborough market, and frighten them back to their homes. Corn and hay stacks, and chimneys innumerable, were thrown down, and a great deal of damage was done. A vessel lying near a warehouse at Gainsborough, laden with hemp, flax, wine, &c. was sunk; but it is hoped she will be raised again without material loss. Happily we do not hear of any lives being lost, or of any person being much hurt by the falling stones, bricks and timber.

The influence of the above tempest was strongly felt at Lincoln; and two vessels at Brayford, near that city, one laden with wool, the other with coals, were sunk by it's force, as well as some craft.

Plymouth, Sept. 28. Letters from an officer of the royal artillery of Lord Wellington's army, dated at Lisbon, the 10th inst. state, that the army had been very sickly, and had the same fever that attacked Sir J. Moore's army last year, on their retreat to Corunna. This fever is described as not to be very mortal, but that it leaves a great debility behind, accompanied with lassitude. Lord Wellington had fallen back on Badajos, without the least attempt at molestation from the enemy.—Sailed the Morning Star, with French ladies and their children, for Morlaix.

Edinburgh, Sept. 28. We understand the anniversary of his Majesty's accession to the throne, when he enters into the 50th year of his reign, will be celebrated on the 25th of next month, in a style becoming the loyalty of this antient metropolis. The morning will be ushered in with ringing the bells of the city and Leith. About nine o'clock a grand masonic procession will take place, from the assembly rooms, Leith, to lay the first stone of the military works, to be denominated 'King George the Third's Bastion,' for the defence of the docks, harbour, and town of Leith, and the west side of the dock, at which the Lord Provost, magistrates, and council will be present, and, it is also expected a number of the principal inhabitants of Edinburgh and Leith will attend. After the stone is laid, a royal salute will be fired from the dock, which will be returned from the ships in the roads. When the procession returns reversed to the assembly rooms, the company will breakfast there. At twelve o'clock the castle will fire, as usual, and the music bells to be set a ringing. At one o'clock the volunteers belonging to the country of the city will fire a *feu-de-joye*, and the ships in the roads will also fire. The music bells and those in St. Andrew's church to be rung from four to six o'clock, in the evening, and the great bells from six to eight o'clock. A public dinner will take place in the assembly rooms, George-Street, at five o'clock; and at seven a general illumination will commence, to continue till ten o'clock; during which a superb trans-

parent painting, designed to be executed by Mr. Lizers, will be exhibited on the front of the Royal Exchange. In the course of the evening, four military bands will parade the streets, playing loyal and patriotic tunes. The whole will conclude with a grand display of fire-works on the centre of the Earthen Mound. We sincerely hope that the whole of this day's rejoicings will be conducted in such a manner as to reflect credit on the inhabitants, and show their attachment to our virtuous and revered sovereign.

London, Sept. 30. On Thursday evening, as a lady was driving a light gig near Vauxhall, she was interrupted by a coal-waggon, and whilst endeavouring to guide the horse to the opposite side of the way, the animal started at the touch of the whip, and the violence of the jerk throwing her out of the carriage, she unfortunately fell under the wheel of the waggon, which went over her arm, and nearly severed it from her body.

Oct. 2. At a meeting of the company of fishmongers, held at their hall on Saturday last, it was resolved that it was their wish, that the company should dine together on the 25th day of October, to celebrate the day on which our most gracious sovereign will enter into the 50th year of his reign; and Mr. Samuel Dixon was requested to communicate their desire to Carpenter Smith, Esq. prime warden.

A congratulatory address is to be drawn up and signed by the mayor, corporation, and inhabitants of Windsor, and it's environs, and presented to his majesty by Colonel Desbrow and Rich. Ramsbottom, Esq. members for the Borough.—The mayor, &c. go to church on the 25th of October. It is requested that the royal horse guards (Blues), and the king's own royal regiment of Staffordshire militia, and the volunteers of Windsor and Clewer, do attend, and fire a *feu-de-joye*, together with the discharge of 50 pieces of cannon. Dinners are to be provided at all the inns and taverns, &c. for those who wish to take tickets. The poorer inhabitants of Windsor and Clewer, who are not above accepting of bread, meat, and beer, to be provided with them that day, to enjoy the festival. A ball and supper the following evening at the Town hall, for the ladies. And to prevent accidents and inconveniences by a general illumination, it is resolved, that a grand piece of illumination be erected, and a grand display of fire-works, and a discharge of fifty pieces of cannon on a conspicuous part.

Oct. 4. Yesterday, Mr. Scholey, bookseller, of Paternoster-row, applied to the magistrate for his instructions how to proceed in the case of an extraordinary fraud practised upon him. He stated that having occasion about a week since to draw a check upon his bankers, Messrs. Ramsbottom and Co. Lombard-Street, in favor of a Mr. Miller, to whom he was paying a bill, by mistake he filled the check for 366*l.* instead of a smaller sum; but immediately on discovering his mistake, he tore the first check into pieces, and threw the fragments on the counting-house floor, and then wrote another for the proper sum; but on receiving the usual return from his banker's books on Monday, he was astonished to find amongst other vouchers the identical check beforementioned, which he had torn to pieces, neatly pasted together on a piece of blank paper, and which had been paid by the bankers to some person unknown, for his account. He immediately went to the bankers to inquire into the circumstance, and was informed that the check was paid to a man calling himself Thomas Thomas, in a 300*l.* Bank of England note, and some smaller ones, the numbers of which were now given to Mr. Scholey. He proceeded to make further inquiry at the Bank of England, and there found those notes had been changed for their amount in small notes; but no description could be remembered of the person. The magistrate therefore advised him to advertise the transaction, with the description of the person who brought the check to Messrs. Ramsbottom.

Guernsey, Oct. 4. A vessel is arrived here which left Cherbourg on Friday last. The letters by her inform us, that accounts had reached that place from Paris, which leave no doubt that the Emperor Napoleon was very ill at his palace of Schoenbrunn. His disorder is a brain fever, brought on by excessive fatigue in his personal attentions to every branch of his army. Most certain it is, that two physicians and two surgeons suddenly left Paris last week to attend him. They proceeded on their journey with extraordinary speed.

Yarmouth, Oct. 6. This morning the Peggy and Soken, two transports from

Flushing, and the Ann, Adams, from Camvere, arrived here with empty casks. From the above we are happy to state, that the troops are recovering very fast, and that not more than one in three die now, to what died some time back. Several batteries opposite Beveland are finished, and the fortifications are erecting very rapidly. Very extensive barracks are building, and every thing shows that we are not disposed to quit.

London, Oct. 10. Yesterday at Marlborough-Street office a case of the most unparalleled barbarity was heard before the magistrates.

William Marlborough, and Ann, his wife, were charged with starving almost to death their infant daughter, aged six years, together with a series of other atrocious cruelties, hardly to be equalled, even in the history of Mrs. Browarigg.

It appeared in evidence, that the prisoner keeps a potatoe-warehouse in Goodge-street, Oxford-road, and that the complainant is the offspring of a former marriage of the husband's. For reasons unknown, even to themselves, these unfeeling parents inflicted the most cruel hardships on the unhappy child: frequently, and for twenty-four hours at a time, did they abandon her to the cravings of hunger, without a morsel of bread to support her tender frame. The apartment to which she was consigned to pass the dreary night, was a cellar, under ground, where pigs and potatoes were kept. A heap of rubbish, and a potatoe sack, formed the couch on which she was accustomed to lay her emaciated limbs to rest. But this, however, horrible to relate, was not the worst of her sufferings. By way of wholesome chastisement, it was their constant practice almost to flay her alive with leathern thongs, at the ends of which were fastened pieces of iron wire. For many months was she thus exposed to the lingering tortures of these wretches, until at length the repeated cries of the unhappy sufferer excited the curiosity of the neighbours, and induced them to inquire into the cause of the frequent mournful groans which echoed from the prisoner's cellar. Means were found to interrogate the little brother of this unfortunate child, and from him they learnt the barbarous treatment his sister had experienced. On a sudden, the recital of her wretchedness excited the neighbourhood to rise against the authors of her sufferings; a considerable number of the inhabitants went in a body to the prisoner's house, and demanded the child to be delivered up. This they refused to do, when the party, no longer able to restrain the impulse of humanity, rushed into the house, and after a good deal of search, found the wretched infant concealed under a bed-stead, almost famished with hunger. Her miserable skeleton exhibited marks of the most sanguinary violence. The remnants of her flesh were cut and bruised in so shocking a manner as to deprive her of every appearance of humanity. In this state she was conveyed to one of the neighbouring houses and offered some food, which she instantly devoured with the rapacity of a hungry tyger. The prisoners, who made some resistance, were in the mean time secured, and conveyed in custody to the watch-house. The only excuse they pleaded for this wanton cruelty was, that the child was so prone to pilfering, that they were obliged to resort to the severest punishment in order to prevent her from coming to the gallows.

The magistrate, however, having expressed a becoming indignation at their brutal conduct, ordered them to be committed for trial, and the Parish Officers were bound over to prosecute.

In the course of the day the mob broke every window in the house in Goodge-street.

Oct. 7. On Wednesday evening, a poor young woman, almost naked, with a child in her arms in the same condition, was detected stealing a loaf of bread from a baker's shop in Pimlico; on being discovered, she dropped on her knees, praying forgiveness, declaring that neither of them had eaten any that day. The wife of the baker then went with her to her lodgings, where being well convinced of her extreme distress, she not only pardoned the offence, but allowed her to take the loaf, to which she added another for her child, and ordered her to call once a week for a similar allowance, with a caution never to be guilty of the like again.

Boston, Oct. 9. The following afflicting accident occurred a few days ago, at Wigtoft, near Boston. A nurse charged with the care of a woman lying-in, and her infant, only two days old, and also of a little girl about three years of age, being obliged to bring water from a pit about eight yards distant, the girl,

during her absence, went out, and brought in an armful of straw, and stood close by the fire. The straw was quickly in flames, and having communicated to the clothes of the child, she ran out of the house shrieking: the distracted mother immediately sprang from bed, overtook her, and extinguished the flames, but, alas! too late. The little girl lived 40 hours, in less agony than might be expected (her left breast being most dreadfully scorched), and then expired; and the afflicted mother lies in a state which precludes all hopes of recovery.

Oct. 21. A few days ago a lady at Gad's Hill, near Gillingham, in Kent, not thinking fit to entrust a servant with the washing of some of the fine articles of her dress, was getting them up herself in her own room, when her presence was necessary in another part of the house, she quitted the room, leaving behind her a beautiful child of about twelve months old. The mother was not absent above a few minutes; on her return she found that her infant had fallen off a chair, in which it was sitting, into the soap-suds. The best medical advice was obtained as speedily as possible, but to no effect — the child lingered from Thursday till Saturday, and then died.

Dover, Oct. 22. Last night there was a great deal of heavy firing on the French coast: it is supposed to be a rejoicing on account of peace being signed between Austria and France.

London, Oct. 24. This being the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne, who to-day entered on the 50th year of his reign, the same was observed as a *Jubilee* throughout the kingdom. The lord mayor and corporation of London went in procession to St. Paul's cathedral, and heard a sermon preached by his lordship's chaplain. In the evening, the Bank, Royal Exchange, East India House, Admiralty, Somerset House, and many other public edifices, as also a great number of private houses, were splendidly illuminated.

Falmouth, Oct. 20. Arrived this day the Snake packet, Thompson, with mails from the Brazils, 70 days passage from Rio de Janeiro; was this morning chaced by a large schooner privateer, but finding the packet gained on her, she stood towards a large West Indiamen to the westward.

The Windsor Castle packet arrived this morning from Halifax, with mails, left New York on the 1st ult. Mr. Jackson had arrived at Washington, and, report says, favorably received. An interview had taken place between him and the secretary of state, but not officially, as his introduction to the president is necessary previous thereto. He was at his house in Virginia, and not expected at Washington till the meeting of congress.

By the Snake we learn, that it was reported at Rio de Janeiro that a revolution had taken place at Buenos Ayres, and the people had declared their independence, and had driven away every vessel, both English and others, from thence. Liniers and his family were expected at Rio de Janeiro, where a great quantity of dollars had arrived on his account. His majesty's ship Confiance coming with 1,500,000 dollars on freight.

BIRTHS.

Sept. 19. At his house, Northumberland-Street, Edinburgh, the lady of Brigadier-General John Hope, of a daughter.

20. At Clontarf Castle, county of Dublin, the lady of George Vernon, Esq. of a son and heir.

21. At Hendon-House, Hants, the lady of Thomas Kingscote, Esq. of a daughter.

25. The lady of George Polhill, Esq. of Chipstead-Place, Kent, of a son.

At Croom's-Hill, Greenwich, Mrs. Isacke, of a daughter.

Mrs. John T. Briggs, of Sloane-Street, of twin sons.

27. At Breckendonbury, Herts, the lady of Wm. Dent, Esq. of a daughter.

28. At Norton Court, Kent, the lady of S. R. Lushington, Esq. M. P. of a son.

Oct. 2. At Bixley-Hall, in the county of Norfolk, the Viscountess Primrose, of a son.

3. The Hon. Mrs. William Capel, of a daughter.

4. The lady of John Baillie, Esq. of the Office of Ordnance, Chatham, of a daughter.

5. At Poultons, Hampshire, Lady Gertrude Sloane, of twins, a son and daughter.

7. The lady of George Simpson, Esq. Cavendish-Square, of a son.

9. In Charles-Street, Berkeley-Square, the lady of Charles Andrew Caldwell, of a son and heir.

11. At Torquay, Devonshire, the Rt. Hon. Lady Sinclair, of a son.

In Lower Seymour-Street, the Hon. Mrs. E. Stewart, of a daughter.

The lady of Edward Alfrey, Esq. of Fitzroy-Square, of a son.

14. The lady of George Simpson, Esq. Cavendish-Square, of a son.

At the Manor-House, Lisson-Green, the lady of Benjamin Tucker, Esq. of a son.

At the Admiralty, the Right Hon. Lady Mulgrave, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Aug. 2. At the house of Lord Amherst, British Minister to the King of the Two Sicilies, William Baker, Esq. son of the late member for the county of Hertford, to Miss Fagan, daughter of Robert Fagan, Consul General from the King of Great Britain to the islands of Sicily and Malta.

Sept. 24. At Petersfield, Hants, Capt. Robert Pearce, to Miss Sarah Seward, of Sheet Cottage, near Petersfield.

At Maidstone, the Rev. Thomas Pearce, A. M. Vicar of Rickling, in Essex, to Emily, eldest daughter of Dr. Day, physician of that place.

27. At Woodford Church, William Weekham Greenhill, to Harriet, eldest daughter of John Hawes, jun. Esq. of Woodford Bridge.

Samuel Lovat, of the Middle Temple, Esq. to Mrs. Murray, widow of the late Major Murray, of the 74th regiment.

29. At Pancras Church, Mr. Redfern, of Dowgate-Hill, to Miss M. Greenwood, daughter of Thomas Greenwood, Esq. of Kentish Town.

At St. George's, Bloomsbury, John Davison, Esq. of Goldsmith-Street, to Mrs. Eliza Spearing, of Southampton-Row, Russell-Square.

At St. Dunstan's, Stepney, Mr. Southee, of Ludgate-Hill, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of Thomas Hughes, Esq. of Mile End.

Oct. 2. The Rev. George Parry Marriott, of Great Baddow, Essex, to Miss Jane Bax, daughter of John Bax, Esq. of the same place.

John Hodgson, jun. Esq. of Devonshire-Street, Portland-Place, to Miss Harris, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Harris, of Belmont, Kent.

3. At St. Mary-la-bonne, the Hon. Sam. Henley Ongley, brother to Lord Ongley, to Frances, sister of the late Sir Philip Monox, Bart. of Sandy-Place, Bedfordshire.

5. John Morris, Esq. eldest son of Sir John Morris, Bart. to Lucy Julia, youngest daughter of the Hon. John Byng.

At the parish church of Muff, by the Lord Bishop of Derry, Robert Ogilby, of Dongiven, in the county of Londonderry, Esq. to Miss Scott, daughter of James Scott, of Willsborough, Esq. in the same county.

11. At Rochdale, by the Rev. Dr. Drake, Edward Christian, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. Chief Justice of the Isle of Ely, and the Downing Professor of the Laws of England, to Miss Walmsley, eldest daughter of the late John Walmsley, Esq. of Castlemeer, near Rochdale.

DEATHS.

Lately, after a long illness, the Right Hon. Lady Almeria Carpenter.

Sept 26. At her house in Duke-Street, Westminster, aged 77, Mrs. Bentham, mother to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Suddenly, Mrs. Brooksband, relict of the late William Brooksbank, Esq. of Beach, in the county of Chester.

28. At his seat at Henlade, in Somersetshire, Robert Proctor Anderson, Esq. in the 81st year of his age.

30. Aged 75, Mrs. Jane Worthington, of Upper Tooting.

At Speen Hill, Berks, on his way to Bath, Col. Burnaby Boles, in the Hon. the East India Company's Service.

At his house on Blackheath, in the 77th year of his age, Mr. Richard Best, late of Greenwich, wine merchant.

Oct. 1. At his house, Newick Park, Sussex, Sir Elijah Impey, Bart.

Miss Marianne Willis, second daughter of John Willis, Esq. of Hungerford Park, in the county of Berkshire.

4. At Mawson House, Chiswick, James Bate, Esq. many years one of the common council for Cornhill Ward.

7. At his house in Doughty-Street, Benjamin Winthrup, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank of England, aged 72.

13. At her house in Berkeley-Square, Caroline Dowager Lady Selsey, aged 82.

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The Wanderer Restored.